

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

JANUARY 29, 1925
VOLUME 99, NO. 5



I READ AN AWFUL SAD POEM
TODAY · IT SAID LIFE'S A
DREARY JOURNEY · AND
WE'RE ALL A LOT OF NO-
ACCOUNT WORMS · STRUG-
GLING TOGETHER · AND A
LOT MORE WHICH MEANT ·
WHAT'S THE USE ANYHOW? I COULDN'T
SEE ANY · SEEMED TO ME A FELLER MIGHT
JUST AS WELL BE DEAD · · JUST THEN MA
CALLED: "ARE YOU HUNGRY · JOHNNY?
APPLE FRITTERS!" MY LAND · HOW I
CHANGED! I DIDN'T CARE IF I WAS ONLY
A WORM · LONG'S I COULD HAVE APPLE
FRITTERS!—JOHNNY'S DIARY

BELOVED ACRES

is the title of a new serial story that will begin in the issue for February 12. It relates how spirited Beth Craymore fights against her own lukewarm family, financial difficulty and the wily Merceau to save her dead father's great ranch in northern California. In that task Beth's brother and a lively group of young collegians help. Full of varied and exciting incident, the story will delight the widest circle of readers.

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SCALDS AND BURNS

IN this article we do not purpose to consider the severe type of burn in which life is at stake, but rather to discuss what is best to do in the case of those minor accidents by fire to which we are all subject—such a burn, for example, as may result from the hand's coming in contact with a hot iron or from boiling fat splashing over while cooking or from water gushing too hot from a faucet.

With a small burn or scald the immediate symptom is intense pain, which too frequently induces the sufferer to lose his head and jump up and down or perhaps hold a burnt hand under a cold tap. It is important that either the victim or some one present should keep calm, for the burn will heal much sooner if the right thing is done for it at the outset, to say nothing of the relief to the immediate pain.

To illustrate, suppose that while frying in boiling fat of some kind you make an inadvertent movement that causes a generous spoonful to splash over your hand. Boiling fat is much hotter than boiling water, and the sufferer's first thought may be that a very grave accident has occurred, and he may resort to the cold-water faucet. But the corrective thought should be: first, exclude the air; second, exclude it with something that will help the inflammation. A box of bicarbonate of soda is almost sure to be handy, and its contents should be used generously. A comfortable way to handle this kind of scald is to cover it with a moist dressing of absorbent cotton over the thickly spread bicarbonate of soda and then over all put a binding of surgical linen. The relief will not be instantaneous, but by and by it will gradually steal in. Then the hand may be dressed again, this time with some good ointment; vaseline is perhaps as good as any. The surgical bandaging should be again applied and the hand let alone for a day or so, unless it seems unduly uncomfortable; if so, it should be examined. If blisters have then formed, they too should be let alone, unless they produce tension; in that case a sterilized fine needle may be run under the side. Finally zinc ointment covered with a lint dressing and a thin rubber glove will complete the cure.

LAFAYETTE IN KENTUCKY

WHEN Lafayette made his famous "swing around the circle" a hundred years ago he came through several Kentucky towns, Lexington, Louisville and Frankfort among them. The enthusiasm of the people was great, for there were a few of the old Revolutionary soldiers still alive to welcome him, and the younger generation fully realized the importance of his services to the republic.

At Frankfort, the little capital city, a delegation went out to the Louisville Pike to meet him as he came, escorted by prominent men who were proud of the honor of attending his coach. There were music and words of welcome. An old-time picnic or barbecue was held, at which many of the old comrades in arms were permitted to see and shake hands with the old general. A grand ball was given in his honor, and almost everyone who could get an invitation attended. There is recorded a signal honor that the great general accorded on that occasion to one who felt that her "profession of religion" precluded her from going, as she held, "to places of public amusement."

It was Mrs. Margaretha Mason Brown who, notwithstanding the strong temptation, decided not to break her rule. She was the daughter of Lafayette's chaplain in the Revolution and the wife of his aide, John Brown, the first Senator from Kentucky; she would have been an honored guest, especially since her brother-in-law had done more than any one else to have the distinguished visitor come to this country.

When the general found that she had not attended and learned the reason he and his son and his suite left the ballroom and went

to her house, where they spent nearly an hour conversing with her, leaving the gay gallants and the lovely belles to entertain themselves and one another at the soirée, as fashionable parties were often called in those days. Mrs. Brown naturally felt a pardonable pride in the distinction accorded her and expressed it thus in a letter: "Had I not quite a triumph?"

A splendid life-size portrait of Lafayette was painted the winter before in Washington by Matthew H. Jouett, whom the Kentucky Legislature sent to do the work. This magnificent picture, which has been carefully restored within the past few years, will celebrate its hundredth year in 1925; it is hanging against the same wall in the old State House, now the quarters of the Kentucky Historical Society and is one of Kentucky's treasures.

A POET WITH A "MAD ON"

THE poet Browning, Prof. William Lyon Phelps tells us in Scribner's Magazine, was as impulsive as Roosevelt. He could never speak of his wife with calmness. To illustrate his feeling about her, says Professor Phelps, Lady Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, told me this story.

There was a rumor that Browning was going to marry again, and in his absence she mentioned it. The next day Browning heard of it in a way that made him suppose she had originated the fable. That night they met at a large dinner, and he was assigned to take her out to the dining room. She greeted him in their customary friendly manner, took his arm and then to her amazement found that he would not speak to her, but almost spied her with his elbow every time she turned toward him.

At dinner he devoted himself exclusively to the lady on his left, and if Anne Thackeray spoke to him he made no reply. When the ladies withdrew she asked one of them whether Robert Browning had gone mad.

"Why, don't you know?" was the reply. "He heard that you started a story of a second marriage, and he will never forgive you."

That state of affairs continued for months. They constantly met at dinner parties, but he ignored her. In the following summer she, Browning and his most intimate friend, the Frenchman Milsand, were staying in the same town in Normandy. One day Milsand turned on Browning and told him that he was behaving outrageously, that Anne Thackeray had never meant any harm, had merely repeated what she had heard and was now heartbroken. Browning was smitten with contrition; he immediately started running at full speed to the opposite end of the town where Miss Thackeray lodged. He must have been a curious spectacle, for he was short and heavy and not used to running.

"I was sitting in the window of the second story in a despondent mood," Lady Ritchie told me, "when I saw Browning running violently toward my lodging. I rushed downstairs and leaped into his arms; we both cried together and had a lovely time."

UNCLE BILLY'S PANTHER

IN the early forties when the old iron furnaces in the mountains of Pennsylvania were in the height of their prosperity and old stage coaches carried the traffic there were few towns and the mountains were an almost unbroken wilderness in which wild beasts were plentiful. Black bears, panthers and wildcats were common, but of those the most feared in the sparse settlements was the panther. Charcoal making to supply the furnaces was an important industry in those days. Uncle Billy Payne, who is now nearing the century mark, was one of the old charcoal burners, and he has many interesting things to tell about the old days. His adventure with the panther is his favorite tale.

With a single companion he was in charge of a charcoal pit on Laurel Hill Mountain, five miles from the furnace that he was supplying. On the night of the adventure his companion, James Fitch, had gone for supplies and took along their only gun. At nightfall Uncle Billy retired to his bunk, and after what seemed to be a long time he was awakened by unearthly yells. He knew that it was a panther.

The creature attacked the cabin from different sides; then it leaped upon the low roof, which gave away. Uncle Billy found himself in one corner, with an arm and a leg firmly pinioned beneath the timbers. From another corner of the cabin came the howl of the panther, which had also been caught beneath the timbers. In the darkness Uncle Billy could see nothing except two great gleaming eyes.

In reaching about with his free arm he caught the long handle of one of the woodsman axes and with it was just able to reach the spot where the panther was caught. When the howls arose he struck blindly with the axe; off and on during the night he continued to strike. How firmly the beast was pinioned or what the effect of his blows was Uncle Billy could only judge by the diminishing shrieks.

When daylight came he found the beast securely held by the timbers and quite dead. But Uncle Billy's troubles were not over, for he could not free himself. It was late in the afternoon when Fitch arrived and lifted the timbers from his companion, who had

fainted. And it was hours before Fitch could go back to the furnace and return with help. Uncle Billy had one arm and one leg broken. It was several months before he was able to leave his bed. He limps to this day; but he still has the panther skin.

TWO HAWKEYE YARN SPINNERS

A READER who was pleased with the "whoppers" that have been appearing in recent numbers of The Companion is reminded of a couple of "yarn spinners" who were well-known characters in and around Waterloo, Iowa, years ago.

One had been a soldier in the Civil War, he writes, and always saw with eyes that magnified several diameters. Lacking the usual reticence of soldiers, he was full of yarns about marvelous experiences that he had witnessed or passed through. One of his pet stories was of his rushing to a bomb with a short burning fuse that had fallen on the high bank of a river and throwing it into the water, thus saving his own life and the lives of his comrades. At another time when it was necessary to retreat from a superior force he did his share in saving the ammunition by picking up a "four-bushel bag of shot" and hastening away with it! It was so heavy that he sank to his knees in the solid ground at each step, but fortunately he succeeded in reaching a place of safety, without his weighty burden's falling into the hands of the enemy.

One of his pet ways of proving his veracity was to turn to his mother at the end of a yarn and inquire in all earnestness, "Ain't that so, mother?" She always loyally answered, "Yes."

He was a farmer and when in town one day with his wife was talking crops with my father. It was still early summer, yet in his zeal to uphold the wonderful fertility of the soil on his farm and his own forehandedness as a farmer he remarked enthusiastically that he had watermelons "that long"—and he measured off an indefinite length of two feet or more. "O Mr. D," interpolated his wife in gentle tones, "you mean the vines are that long."

Another great story-teller who lived in town had a wife whom he had nicknamed "Snippy" and to whom he referred in conversation with others by that nickname only. "Snippy" couldn't decide how she wanted a certain piece of work done, and her husband, who himself had a "snippy," rapid-fire way of speaking, remarked one day, "Snippy's in a puckersnudge as to how she wants it done."

He was a great hunter and fisherman, and in spinning a hunting yarn he told of finding a long row of ducks roosting on the top wire of a fence. He had only one bullet for his gun and was himself in a "puckersnudge" how to get the greatest number of those ducks with his bullet. Finally he tied a fine wire to it and put it into the gun. Taking careful aim at the line of heads, he fired and found that he had strung one hundred and fifty ducks on his wire.

THE TUPPER TEMPER

WHEN grandmother was a girl of fourteen, writes a contributor, Great-Grandmother West married again. Her second husband was Dr. Nathan Tupper, an uncle of Sir Charles Tupper of Canada. Dr. Tupper was not a young man, and the years had not mellowed the noted "Tupper temper," but great-grandmother, though of a more amiable disposition than he, was capable of managing him.

One morning, as Dr. Tupper was seated at breakfast with his wife, he discovered that his cup and saucer were not of matched china and promptly threw them both into the fireplace. With scarcely an instant's hesitation great-grandmother threw her cup and saucer after them; then, turning to grandmother, she said, "Emma, throw your cup and saucer into the fireplace."

"Why, mother," grandmother protested, "I'll not do such a ridiculous thing!"

"Emma, do as you are told," said great-grandmother firmly. "When your father sets you such an example see that you follow it."

And into the fireplace went grandmother's cup and saucer too!

Answers to
Cross-word
Puzzles
on Page 77

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Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Which Point Will You Have?

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- 2-Fine-like this
- 3-Medium-like this
- 4-Broad-like this
- 5-Stub-like this

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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GIFT HENS

Nancy Byrd Turner



AFTERNOON sunshine in May is the color of honey. Mollie Brown thought so as she leaned on her broom and looked out across the little garden at the back of the Peckham cottage.

"We've been at little old Peckham three weeks now," she mused, "and everything is very satisfactory." Her glance roved, and a pucker appeared above her freckled nose. "But not entirely," she corrected herself and, straightening, grasped the handle of her broom.

Over in the northwest corner of the garden there was a flicker of red between the fig bushes. Mollie knew what the flicker meant; old Cicero, the rooster, had escorted a select party of hens to the radish bed.

"For the third time today!" Mollie groaned. "And every time I run them out it disturbs Phil's writing."

She put the broom down and went softly toward the garden. With tact and discretion she might expel the intruders without making a disturbance. But as she advanced with outspread skirts and gentle shooings the group set up an indignant chorus. They fled before her, to be sure, but they fled in circles. It was always so. Though Cicero showed the utmost ingenuity in entering the garden, he never had the slightest idea how to get out. Whether by accident or design he now scurried time and again past the hollow that he had scooped under the fence and made loud and ineffectual attempts to scale the fence itself. Mollie finally captured him in a corner and threw him over bodily. Then amid pandemonium she ousted the panicky hens.

Her cheeks were flaming as she gathered brush to stop the hole. "But what is the use of getting so furious?" she asked herself. "The fowls are terrible, but then even the most delightful situations have their drawbacks."

Some of them have innumerable advantages too, she decided, as she settled down a few minutes later to her darning. Here was this summer experiment of hers and Philip's; was it not remarkably successful in spite of certain flaws?

Early in the spring Miss Sara Peckham had made one of her abrupt offers to her relatives, the Browns. She had decided rather suddenly to spend the summer with her sister in an adjoining state; her tenants at the old Peckham cottage fifty miles from her farm would move up and take charge of the place. If the young Browns wished to use the cottage they were welcome to do it. The garden was already planted, and she would send down some fowls.

The Browns were appreciative, all six of them, but for various reasons the offer seemed impossible to accept. However, just before they sent a reply Philip Brown drew Mollie, his favorite sister, aside. "Let's accept, you and I," he whispered. "I'm bound to write that everlasting thesis, and I can't in this chattering place. Mollie Brown, if you want to see real letters after my name, this is your chance. No M.A. for me next year unless I can find a calm corner to earn it in."

There is no denying that Mollie had ambitions about the letters. While she hesitated

Philip sent an acceptance to Aunt Sara. A fortnight later the two established themselves in the rose-covered cottage.

Mollie cogitated as she sat and darned. "If the hens were half decent," she thought, "and we had a cow, things would be perfect."

Presently she stopped darning and listened. From the back porch came the sound of soft, intermittent scuffling and scratching. It was a sound that the listener knew well: the hen named Patchwork was at her daily task of making a nest where no nest should be. For the hundredth time Mollie groaned over Miss Peckham's short-sightedness.

The good lady had been pleasantly positive about the hens, and Mollie had acquiesced gratefully; but as time wore on the fowls became a somewhat doubtful blessing. Philip complained that they were too temperamental, and honest Mollie had to agree with him. "But remember," she would add, "we ought not to look gift hens in the mouth."

Mollie let her mind wander as she darned.

—every day she turns loose like this directly under my window!"

The sound, which had been coming steadily nearer, now rose under the living-room window in a confident crescendo. The hen Adelina Patti—so named because of propensities that at first seemed pleasing—had abandoned herself to song. Mollie could see her across the sill waddling awkwardly along in a perfect ecstasy of pride and self-esteem.

"If ever an idea came to me," Philip said darkly, "it would be scared off."

Mollie, sober and sympathetic, nodded her red-brown head. "O my," she murmured, "if only Aunt Sara had let us choose!"

Philip ran a hand through his already tousled hair. "See here, sis," he went on in a wheedling tone. "We can't kill the varmints of course, but why not sell them? We could buy fresh eggs from Mrs. MacKenty."

That question had been threshed out more than once. Mollie shook her head, but there was a wavering look in her eyes.

Philip did not see the look, for he went



A strange sound began; strange yet dreadfully familiar

The scratching in the back porch stopped after a while, and she began to speculate on a favorite subject: would it be wise to hire a cow for the summer?

The warmth and stillness made her drowsy. She drifted into a light doze and presently beheld without astonishment a fine cow tethered to the back fence. It did not seem strange when the cow, stretching her neck, suddenly began to sing in a high-pitched, nasal voice.

"Dear, dear," thought Mollie. "This will run Philip wild. He could never write with a singing cow on the place."

A noise in the hall brought her bolt upright. She squinted mistily at a tall, wrathful figure in the doorway.

"Just listen to that vile racket!" Philip was blustering. "Mollie, there's no use talking, her feathers must fly."

His sister was still befuddled with sleep. "The cow's?" she asked uncertainly. Then as her brain cleared, "Oh, it's the Patti hen of course. I thought it was a cow."

Philip gloomed above her mirth. "I don't see the point," he said stiffly. "But that hen

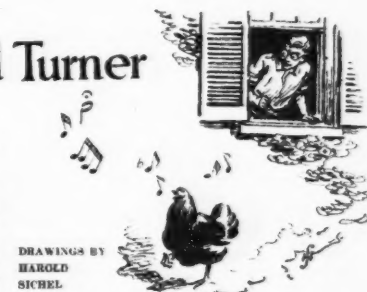
away petulantly. Mollie sat for a long while darning a little and thinking a great deal. The offending song ceased, and there was an hour of calm; but at five o'clock Adelina began again.

Mollie rose with decision. "This has got to stop," she said. "I'll shut her up in the hen-house."

Passing through the back porch, she heard a slight stir overhead and looked up to see a tan-colored mass stowed away on a narrow tool chest high in a corner. The mass moved slightly; an alert red eye peered down. It was a familiar eye and belonged to old Patchwork, who laid on that shelf nearly every day. The eggs either rolled off or were taken away, but that did not disturb Patchwork. She had now laid her last egg for the season and was preparing to sit on it.

Mollie got the broom. "Get off that shelf," she said grimly.

Patchwork had all the pertinacity of her kind; she shrieked and would not budge. There was a sharp struggle before she descended in a whirlwind of dust and feathers. With her came the cherished egg; it struck



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

full in Mollie's upturned face with appalling results. Almost simultaneously the bang of a door shook the house, and a dishevelled figure strode out of the yard.

At the supper table that evening Mollie looked steadfastly across the cream toast at her brother. "I've taken a big step," she said. "The storekeeper in the village has bought our fowls, and old Mr. MacKenty is coming presently to crate them and haul them down to him."

Philip whooped his approval. "But what made you change your mind so suddenly?"

Mollie looked reticent. "Things came to a sort of climax," she answered. "Those fowls have simply got to go."

They went shortly after dusk under violent protest. Mr. MacKenty, a lean old Scotchman of few words, drew a long breath as he pushed the last resisting captive into the crate. He picked up the reins with a single dry observation. "There ain't no folks," he said, "as queer as some fowls."

"Oh, look," Mollie cried; "that seems sort of pitiful, old Cicero's longest tail feather sticking straight up above the crate!"

"Well, just so it isn't sticking straight up over our radish bed I'm satisfied," Phil answered comfortably. "Now don't go to mooning, Mollie."

In the middle of the night Mollie waked and sat up suddenly. Suppose Aunt Sara hadn't gone to Aunt Mary's yet and should decide to visit the cottage on her way down? "But no," Mollie concluded, "she'll be on an express with all her baggage, and the fast trains don't stop at this little station."

There was no raucous crowing from the henhouse to disturb her morning nap. The morning passed tranquilly, and Philip came to his dinner, beaming.

"Now I'm doing real work," he said. "Think of it, five hours without a solo!"

Late that afternoon Mollie, looking toward the sunset, saw a forward-moving cloud of dust that seemed to clatter as it came. Her eyes grew large and fixed. There was something familiar in the sound; she had heard it before.

Phil, who had been chopping wood, looked round the corner of the house inquiringly.

"It's Aunt Sara!" Mollie gasped. "I know the rattle of that queer little car of hers."

"But how can it be Aunt Sara?" Philip asked, staring.

With a gesture of despair Mollie cast hope and grammar to the four winds. "I know it's her," she groaned.

The clamor increased. A dark object dashed down the lane, hurtled through the open gate and came to a snorting standstill in the yard. Mollie's premonition had been right; it was Miss Sara Peckham driving her own crazy little car.

The newcomer waved Philip off and scrambled to the ground without help. "There," she said, "it's unceremonious to bounce in on you like this, but I'm driving to Mary's instead of going by train, and I thought I'd stop here overnight."

She shook hands hastily. "Brought along some permanent guests too," she added with a chuckle.

Mollie had another premonitory pang as Miss Peckham opened the rear door of the car.

"Here, Philip, take the crate into the back yard and turn them out," the visitor directed in her peremptory fashion. "If you open the henhouse door, they'll go up with the rest of the fowls."

As Philip ducked into the tonneau Mollie was thankful for the shielding dusk. She was thankful too that Aunt Sara kept up a running fire of talk that seemed to require no answers.

The girl cooked supper in a kind of daze. She had been able to thank her aunt in all sincerity for her thoughtful kindness, but there was more to the matter than that.

Aunt Sara was tired and went to bed before any complications rose. Then the two Browns faced each other and the situation.

"This is a grand mess," Phil began tragically. "Mollie, I couldn't count that second batch, but there are enough to ruin us."

Mollie's curls seemed to stiffen. "Philip Brown, I'm not thinking about that second batch; I'm thinking about the first."

Philip blinked. "That's so. I suppose," he went on thoughtfully, "Aunt Sara knew every one of them, feature for feature and feather for feather. But for that—well, with this second squad milling round, you see, 't'would be hard to tell t'other from which." He hesitated, reddening a little. "Maybe she wouldn't find out."

Mollie straightened her shoulders. "The subject's bound to come up," she said, "And if it does, you wouldn't fool Aunt Sara any more than I would. No, I'm going to treat her squarely about this."

Philip kicked a chair. "To be sure," he agreed.

Mollie began to hum a little tune. "I feel better for having decided, don't you?"

"Not much," her brother replied cautiously. "Nothing helps that last rabble. Ten to one there's another Adelina among them."

The third honey-colored morning broke as bright as if it held no shadow. Yellow sunlight flooded the breakfast table, and Mollie, a born optimist, smiled across the coffee pot. "I shouldn't be surprised," she thought, "if Aunt Sara hurries directly away."

At the end of the meal Miss Peckham looked at her watch with decision. "I have no time to lose," she said. "By the way, how about that first dozen hens? Have they been laying well this spring?"

Mollie rose to meet the crisis. There was woe in her face, but she answered steadily. "They have been laying beautifully, Aunt Sara."

"They've been a comfort and pleasure, eh?" Miss Peckham went on.

"Phil," Mollie said gently, "won't you go and feed the hens?" Then as Philip got himself out with light-footed alacrity she turned to her aunt. "I'm going to tell you the truth," she said. "Those fowls didn't turn out well, Aunt Sara."

Miss Peckham's keen eyes narrowed with a sharp question, and poor Mollie plunged on. "O Aunt Sara, they had such strange characters, you see. They waked us before day; they scratched up the garden seed. One of them—her name was Patchwork—broke an egg on my head. I mean she—I mean I—" The speaker floundered miserably and stopped.

A strange flicker passed over Miss Peckham's intent face.

Philip loomed suddenly in the doorway. "Hold on a minute," he said. "Mollie is leaving out the main thing, Aunt Sara. She'd have let Patchwork make an omelet on her head so far as that goes, but I was the stumbling block. I have a writing job on hand, and there was a singing hen in the herd. Not an ordinary singer, you know," he explained earnestly. "She—well, the fact is she had delusions about being a prima-donna."

"We named her Adelina Patti before we knew," Mollie interposed wretchedly.

"And tone deaf she was," Philip continued, "and yodeling under my window all the time. Ran scales and did grace notes. Aunt Sara, I give you my word she sang arias; she—"

Miss Peckham's face twitched again. "I notice that you speak of Adelina in the past tense," she observed. "Did you cut off her head?"

Mollie took up the story tremulously and told it to the end. Then she went over and laid an impulsive hand on Miss Peckham's arm. "But just think how perfectly well behaved this lot may be! Why, with Adelina gone for good, things are already as quiet as a church."

Directly under the window a strange sound began; strange yet dreadfully familiar. Starting with one long-sustained, strident note, it skipped three semitones, flattened and broke into gay falsetto trills. The outburst ended with one raucous note repeated again and again. Mollie and Philip stared at each other with incredulous eyes.

"It's her ghost," Mollie said.

Miss Peckham had crossed to the window; as she leaned over the sill her shoulders shook in an odd way. "It's Adelina in the flesh," she said in a stifled tone. "I never heard her voice before, but I remember her looks. Wait a minute and I'll finish this hen tale myself."

Mollie never forgot her leap of thankfulness when she saw that Aunt Sara was shaking with laughter.

Miss Peckham wiped her eyes. "It was too far to bring hens all the way from the farm," she said, "but as I passed through the village I saw a crateful out in front of the store. There was enough daylight left to show that they were a good lot. 'A surprise for the boy and girl,' I said to myself and snapped them up. Lo and behold, I've brought you back your thirteen blessings!"

The tension broke at that. Miss Sara and Mollie clung together, helpless, and Philip's shouts silenced even the lyric soprano under the window.

"Well," Miss Sara said after a while, "I ought to be miles on my journey. But what about those hens? I haven't got time to take them back to the store."

Mollie and Philip exchanged glances. "They shall stay here now," Philip said valiantly.

"Indeed they shall do nothing of the kind," Miss Sara replied.

There was no gainsaying Aunt Sara. A little boy who had run in on an errand was sent with a message to Mr. MacKenty. Then Miss Peckham and the Browns rounded up the redoubtable flock. The fowls were loudly reluctant. It was just the weather for activities dear to their perverse souls. Cicero and his coterie were already at work in the garden; Patchwork had ensconced herself on her chosen niche. Quavers and demi-semi-quavers from the direction of Philip's east window marked the progress of Adelina the singer. But once in captivity, they all lapsed into philosophic calm with soft shufflings now and then and throaty interrogations. Philip bore the crate round to the front yard to wait for the wagon.

Miss Peckham climbed into her car. She leaned on the wheel and regarded the abashed young faces before her.

"Stop looking like a pair of criminals, you two," she said. "There's no harm done. I'm glad you got rid of those unmannerly pests, and I'm glad you were frank with me about it. Moreover, I haven't had such a good laugh for ten years."

Mr. MacKenty's wagon rattled into the yard, and Cicero welcomed it with a guttural ejaculation.

"I wonder what they think of these daily rides?" Miss Peckham said thoughtfully. Then she added in the same breath, "Would you like to have a cow?"

"O Aunt Sara!" Molly stammered. "A cow! Why, we were using condensed milk; we couldn't buy fresh milk for love nor money."

"I don't know why I hadn't thought of that in the first place," Miss Peckham

remarked. She put her foot on the starter. "A cow you shall have," she promised. "I'll write my man at Green Meadows to send her down. Pure Jersey."

The car sprang forward. As it passed through the gate Aunt Sara shouted back, "And warranted not to sing!"

Mollie drew a long breath. "My, what sunshine!" she said.

Mr. MacKenty was climbing into his wagon. Mollie and Phil, turning in their joy, had a sudden sense of warm embarrassment. How many hours had passed since the

identical team and driver removed the identical load?

But the old Scotchman made no sign that he remembered. Only as he picked up the reins he remarked with brevity: "Fowls air queer."

Cicero's bright tail feather was waving above the wire like the plume of an unvanquished warrior. From the other end of the crate the hen Adelina looked forth searchingly. Her eye gleamed, and her long throat swelled. A little more and she would have burst into soaring song.

COASTS OF PERIL

Chapter Eight

The constable of Grand Bank

A

T last Bob spoke. "You don't really believe in all that stuff, do you?" he asked Gribbins.

"I believe in what I sees," the cook affirmed. "Tain't once, an' 'tain't twice as proves a thing. It's lots of times. An' that's how I knows about what I told ye, an' that it bes wonderful bad luck to drop a swab bucket overboard or mend an' sew sails on the quarterdeck or sail on a Friday or see stars anigh the moon."

Bob had to laugh. Old Gribbins shook his head with strong affirmation. "Tis so, I tell ye!" he declared. "An' if ye don't want bad weather ye won't sail wid a man as didn't pay his wash-woman afore leavin' port neither. Nor wid a Jonah. There bes lots of Jonahs, both officers an' A. B.'s. We calls 'em Heavy Weather Jack an' Foggy Tom an' Squally Ned an' the like. I'd as soon hurt a black cat as be in a ship wid one of 'em!"

"Does a black cat on a ship bring bad luck, if you hurt it?"

"It do! I sailed once out of Antwerp in a ship as had a black cat aboard. Most ships carries cats, y' see. Sailors likes cats an' gives 'em a good home. But this 'ere cat bit an' scratched a sailor in the fo'c'sle, an' the sailor goes to the old man an' says the cat's got to be hove overboard. But the old man won't do it, seein' as how a Spanish feller is uncommon handy wid a knife. An' also the old man knows as well as what I do hurtin' a black cat never done no ship nothin' but harm. So the sailor as got bit, he takes a blayin' pin an' chases the cat on deck, an' the cat runs out on the end of the flyin' jib boom. They bes a shark's tail nailed on it. That carries good winds fer a ship, y' see, same as a broom nailed to the masthead or throwin' worn-out boots an' duffle overboard or keepin' a piece of comp'ny bread in yer pocket or—"

"What's company bread?" put in Bob.

"Why, bread to keep ye comp'ny of course, so the Little People won't bodder ye—specially if ye're wearin' green, which is their color. It bes wonderful bad luck to wear green, b'y, specially at a weddin'. It bes most as bad as to play cards wid yer hat off or when ye're settin' under a beam. Though, if ye got a string round yer leg, what's been throwed outdoors on St. Bridget's eve—"

"What, the leg?"

"No, the string. That'll help ye. An' so'll a piece of money pounded into the sill of y'r house, or allus keepin' salt in the cupboard or bacon rine, which is allus useful fer warts."

"Bacon rind is?" asked Bob, a little confused by the flood of information.

"Sure! You rub a wart wid a piece of bacon rine an' then feed the rine to a cat, an' the wart'll drop rate off."

"Well, that brings us back to the cat again," said Bob, laughing. "How 'bout that black cat?"

"Oh, as I was tellin' ye, that there cat, y' see, run out on the flyin' jib boom. The sailor clumb out there too an' tried to brogue



DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

By George Allan England

it off in the say, but he missed an' fell in himself—kersquasho! Then it was hooray b'ys to throw him a line an' haul him aboard. The cat wa'n't seed no more, an' the Spanish man was wild. He tried to start a mutiny, but it didn't go. He was nigh slicin' the sailor as killed his cat. Yes, sir, we nigh had trouble wid 'em. Trouble same as ye'd have if ye tore a flag or heard a dog howlin' or put yer clo'es on wrongside out on New Year's day an' didn't leave 'em that w'y or see a phantom ship—which they bes many such—or tried to dig up buried treasure or was the fust one to cut a sod fer a new house or be the fust one baptized in a new font or cross a new bridge or be buried in a new cemetery or—"

"I'll admit it would be bad luck to be the first one buried in a new cemetery," agreed Bob, "but how about that black cat?"

"Oh, I was jest comin' to that when ye interrupted me!" said Gribbins. "Can't ye keep quate an' lemme spin me yarn? Now arter a while, ye see, we run short of grub an' had to live on the cargo, which was bird seed an' gin. An' we had head winds, an' the rats all quit squeakin'. That skeered us bad. It bes terrible bad when the rats quit. Most as as bad as settin' into a room wid two lamps burnin' at once or standin' anigh a cross-roads or runnin' water at night or speakin' to a ghost, which if ye do they'll own ye an' ye'll git puckerin' an' die. Or lettin' a fetch steer the ship or—"

"What's a fetch?" asked the boy. "Oh, a fetch is the ghost as comes to sailors at night when they bes standin' their trick at the wheel an' stands beside 'em an' tries to take their hands off the spokes so it can steer the ship itself an' wrack it."

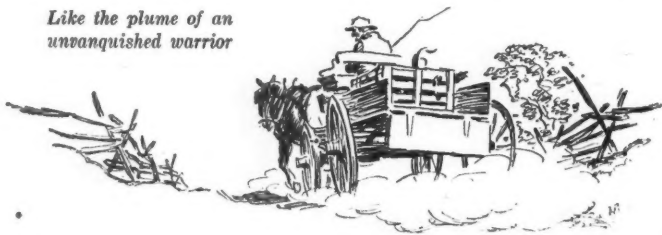
"Do you believe that?"

"I don't b'lieve it; I knows it! Ain't I seed fetches a dozen times an' knowed of ships' being lost that w'y? I tell ye, b'y, it bes as sure as that they bes a headless animal as patrols the bridge between them two islands at Foggo from midnight till early mornin'—an animal ye can't turn aside ner strike. It ain't a dog, an' it ain't a cat—"

"Speaking of cats," interrupted Bob, "how about that black one?"

"Oh, that? I'll tell ye if ye'll only lemme! Y' see, arter them rats quit, us nigh had another mutiny, an' the Spanish man got wonderful wicked. He said as how us wouldn't never reach port at Santos, where us was bound. Well, one night it come nigh to a showdown, an' the old man had all the A. B.'s aft, readin' 'em the riot act while heavy head winds was blowin', an' lo an' behold ye, that cat—that black cat, b'y, she walks up the aft companion rate to the man at the wheel. He lets out a yell an' runs, an' the ship—she was the old Lottie Patten, as allus bore such a bad name till she got piled ashore off Brigus. Two fellers was wrackin' aboard her when a ghost come an' led 'em to a cabin where they found a photygraph all wet wid 'From Hannah to Jack wid love

Like the plume of an unvanquished warrior



wrote on it. That photograph, ye see, had jest come up from the sea, brung up by the ghost, which was Jack Vardy himself, an' that's the w'y he told his gal, Hannah, as how he'd never come home no more. Oh, that's the w'y ghosts does! They'll come back to tell things or to right a wrong, like that old man at Englee what come back to make his oldest b'y give his youngest b'y half the propitty an' busted in the roof of the oldest b'y's house an' wracked his schooner an' pestered him till he did do it too! Arter which the ol' man was quate an' never come ag'in. An' then that story from Blanc Sablon an' the cloud wid the ship in, what come over the ol' pirate's house at Indian Harbor an' shook the house like thunder an' said: 'The hour is come, but not the man!' An' then too if ye're goin' to be married—"

"How about that black cat?" put in the boy.

"If ye'll lave me tell it, ye'll know!" exclaimed the old cook with rising indignation. "I never see sech a b'y to put a man off his course when he's sailin' winged-oof afore the wind! That black cat, ye see, scairt the steersman aw'y from the wheel, an' the Lottie Patten was took aback, an' some of her spars an' rig come oot of her. An', O my, what a time we had, wid that say runnin' an' that wind, to clear ship an' save her! Well, the Spanish man was wild wid joy, sayin' as how we was all dead men, but the old man, he got his gun, an' he ketched that cat an' shot her, so's to show she wa'n't no ghost at all, but the rale cat. He hove her over, an' he says, says he: 'Now will ye have some sinse? 'Twas the cat eatin' them rats as made 'em stop squeakin' an' no ghost! She bes gone now, an' let's have no more nonsense! We won't hear no more mewin' ner—"

"Mewin'! What mewin'?" inquired Bob. "Oh, lemme tell ye! Y'see, for some time we'd been hearin' that cat mew. She was hungry in the hold, but the men figgered 'twas a ghost, an' they wouldn't go down to see. Well—"

"Why didn't you go down?" "Me? Oh—well, if there might be a ghost, there bes no good of goin' to see. That bes sure as Mrs. Dower's soul visitin' her husband's schooner three days on the Banks, so everybody thought she was dead, an' they had a wake. An' then when John Dower's schooner come back to Conche, why, he had his flag at half-mast, thinkin' his wife was dead. 'Cause he'd seed her spirit, y'see. But when he come to port she woke up, sayin', 'I've been wid John, an' it's fact, an' everybody know it too. Same as they knows that a slice of bread an' butter gave by a woman to a man she's married, if he has the same name as her own fam'ly name, is a sure cure fer the whoopin' cough."

He paused, and Bob asked once more: "If you don't mind, I'd like to hear what happened after the black cat was really killed."

Gribbins looked indignant, but resumed: "Well, arter that 'twas awful. Jest awful, b'y. Storms an' starvation an' leakin' an' mutiny. A good many, includin' the Spanish man, got cut, an' some was killed. An' when we made Santos, we run into the yaller jack, an' more died. So that proves it, don't it, now? I tell ye, b'y, don't ye never harm no black cat. 'Cause if ye do, it'll be wuss fer ye'n what it bes if a wander blind falls off yer house, or ye see the St. Elmo's fire comin' down the mast, or ye wear a ring on the fourth finger of yer right hand an' then stays ashore more'n three days or goes more'n three months on one y'age! Though some claims a black cat's curse ain't so bad. But it bes bad enough, bad enough, an' ye can lay to that!"

"I'll remember it," said Bob, smiling. "Ye better if ye're knowin' to what's good fer ye. An' now, b'y, it bes most time we're gettin' to work in the pie locker. Jest time fer a shanty. Or—no, I'll give ye a rale liveyere song. My 'cordeen, b'y. My 'cordeen!"

Bob gladly brought the accordion. Gribbins jerked out a few chords and expressively began the Wedding in Renew.

"There's goin' to be a jolly time,
I'll have ye all to know!
There's me an' Joe an' Uncle Snow,
Invited fer to go.
I have the list here in me fist,
So I'll read out the crews.
There's goin' to be a happy time,
At the weddin' in Renew!"

"The men will moan, the tables groan,
An' ever'thin' in style.
They'll have sweet cake an' turnip tops,
Fat pork an' good seal hide,
The best of ham an' tender lamb,
An' sago on the bruise,
Spruce beer an' ale,
An' bullock's tail,
At the weddin' in Renew!"



"Come here, b'y, an' let's have a sight at ye!"

"The gals will dress oot in their best,
Fer no expinse they'll spare;
They'll wear their fathers' watch chains
An' have ribbons in their hair;
The men dress grand to beat the band,
Wid whale hile on their shoes!
We'll dance all night till broad daylight,
At the weddin' in Renew!"

Two more days passed while they were beating into Fortune Bay and out again. Vagrant fogs and head winds delayed the Blanche Tibbo and set Bob's nerves on edge. He was counting the very hours now that still remained to him in which to keep the promise made his brother, and in which to prove that no misfortune like a robbery could hold him back from accomplishing what he set out to do.

Bob's nervousness was steadily increasing. He was thinking less of getting to St. Pierre in order to relieve his family of their keen anxiety than of his determination not to exceed the time limit. If he could reach St. Pierre in time—oh, if he only could! He wrote in his diary:

"We have called at Harbor Briton, English Harbor and St. Jacques. Harbor Briton is a pleasant place with some real streets and even with a road leading out of town. Roads are mighty scarce in this country, where most of the outports are cut off from everything except just by water. At Harbor Briton saw a place for 'barking' sails. Barking sails means boiling them in a decoction of hemlock to make them last longer. It also gives them a wonderful brown color. There is, for a wonder, some flat land in this place, and a few willow trees manage to grow."

"At St. Jacques there were some fine Newfoundland dogs. I haven't seen many on this coast. They're not allowed where people have sheep. We're going to call at Belleoram, and after that comes Grand Bank! My cruise is nearly over. Wonder what I'll find at the end of it? Oh, if I can only get to St. Pierre in time!"

Bob's trip aboard the Blanche Tibbo was indeed fast coming to an end. One chapter of his life was closing only to open another more astonishing. Bob felt regret that he must say good-by to the old "round-bower," to Capt. Israel Tripp, to Thomas Gribbins and all the rest who had so cordially received and so hospitably used him. It seemed to him almost as if he were leaving home when it came time to give up his job on board the dingy old schooner where he had learned so much of life. Bob was a different chap physically and morally from the one who had been picked up out of old Arioch's drifting dory.

"School isn't the only place to learn things," he mused. "I wouldn't take a lot for what the Blanche has done for me!"

The vessel, it seemed, had no business at Grand Bank, but was bound direct from Belleoram to Lamaline, round toward Placentia Bay. Israel Tripp, however, agreed to stand in toward Grand Bank and lay to a while, so that Bob could get ashore. That was the best he could do, he said, and Bob thought it very kind and quite enough.

The date was July 30, the hour a little past seven bells of the first watch—about half past eleven at night—when the schooner left Garnish Light off her port quarter and drew down toward L'Anse au Loup hard by Grand Bank.

"Well, b'y," said Captain Tripp, "us'll be ready to drop ye now in a few minutes. Can't land to the wharf, 'cause us ain't got time an' then ag'in 'cause there ain't no wharf. She got carried aw'y by a wonderful big breeze last winter, an' the lighthouse too. But us'll put ye ashore in a dory. Git y'r duffle, b'y, an' here bes fifteen dollars in wages what's comin' to ye."

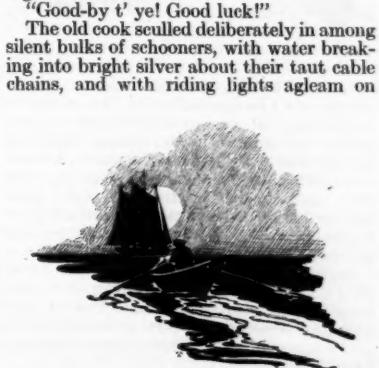
"Oh, thanks! You're mighty kind!" Bob exclaimed, delighted.

"Ye're welcome, I'm sure. Sorry ye got to go, b'y. Ye made friends of all on board, an' ye done fine. If we'd a little more time, no doot we'd be able to make a reg'lar cook of ye, I dear say. But now it bes good-by!"

Bob felt more than a little sad as he bundled his ditty-bag overside in the moonlight and clambered down into the heaving dory. The touch of the sailors' hands—they had given him a hearty shake all round—seemed to cling with him as a reminder of the home they had shared with him all that time and of the perils they and he had faced in common. Old Thomas Gribbins descended into the dory. He had asked permission to row Bob ashore. Now he took the oars and standing up and facing the bow of the dory, as is common in Newfoundland, began sculling away from the schooner. As the dory drew toward the dark line of the shore and there a gleam of light from the town that spoke of cozy homes of men. But Bob wasn't thinking much about the scene. He felt a strange lump in his throat as he shouted, "Good-by, all!" and waved his cap and heard the hearty fellows at the rail all shouting back at him:

"Good-by t' ye! Good luck!"

The old cook sculled deliberately in among silent bulks of schooners, with water breaking into bright silver about their taut cable chains, and with riding lights agleam on



their ratlines. In he drove the dory past the broken wharf to some dark, slippery steps against which inky waters were idly lapping. "Well, b'y," said he in a suppressed tone, "I guess it'll be good-by, now. I want ye to take this an' keep it. Here!"

From his pocket he drew something wrapped in paper and thrust it into Bob's hand. "'Tis a lucky cash I got in Hongkong thirty year ago," the cook explained. "Keep it allus. It'll bring ye farchune an' make us meet ag'in some day. Take care of y'rself, b'y, an' don't do none of them things I've warned ye aboot. Remember, ye ain't to St. Pier yet. Watch y'rself. Good-by!"

Bob thanked him warmly for all that he had done on the schooner, for his advice and for the lucky piece. Then he jumped out upon the steps.

Thomas handed up his bag, shook hands with him and with a final word of farewell sculled away. The moonlight made a long, gleaming wake behind the dory, which presently reached the silhouette of the slow-moving hooker and ceased.

The dory was hoisted aboard. Bob could hear the creak of the block-and-tackles as vigorous hands dragged at the falls. The Blanche Tibbo came about, caught the night breeze and squared away for Fortune Head. Bob watched her till she slid silently behind the headland, where the landwash cut the sea. He stood on the deserted wharf, still gazing toward the spot where she had vanished. He couldn't quite make up his mind to the fact that the floating home where he had learned so much and had had such a good time—in spite of all the work and danger—had really left him. Nor could he reconcile himself to the idea that Thomas Gribbins was actually gone.

"There is certainly one square, all-right man!" thought Bob. "And Cap'n Tripp's another—and there's a lot of 'em on board. I'll see some of 'em again sometime. I've got to, especially old Thomas!"

He felt in his pocket for the Chinese coin. The touch of it somehow reassured him. It seemed to say that somewhere, somehow, the pathway of old Thomas would yet cross his own once more. Yet for all that he shivered a little and wished his passage on the Blanche Tibbo hadn't come to its end quite so soon.

At last, feeling very much alone in the world, he shouldered his bag and tramped along the wharf. Without the least idea what he was going to do now, or whether he might be headed, he walked forward among wagons and boxes in a very fishy atmosphere and made his way up into the long street on the water front of the town. Grand Bank, he said, was a considerable place. At least, so the buildings, the stores and a bank or two seemed to indicate. It all looked prim and clean in the cold moonlight. Complete silence reigned, for the hour was now past midnight. The night was chilly in those north latitudes; Bob shivered a little as he walked along.

"What am I going to do now? And where am I going?" he wondered.

Anxiously he looked for some one to speak to, but there was no one. He trudged up a little side street or lane with immaculate houses behind fences of the usual vertical spruce poles.

The town produced a rather uncanny effect, so silent and so dead it seemed. Down a crooked path a goat meandered toward him, mournfully blating. Somewhere a cowbell dingle-dingled. Then came a far, dull moaning of surf on distant headlands. Bob turned up his collar.

"Hey, b'y! Where ye bound, an' what ye want?" sounded a sudden voice.

Bob turned, startled. He saw a man standing in a dark doorway.

"Come here, b'y, an' let's have a sight at ye!" commanded the man, whose speech betrayed him as a genuine Newfoundlander. "Come alaangside now an' don't be non-sinse! Ye can't git aw'y!"

"I don't want to get away," answered Bob. "I'm only looking for a place to stay till morning!"

And he approached the man boldly enough, but with an inner uneasiness.

"That's all I want," repeated Bob, "unless I can catch some boat or other over to St. Pierre tonight. I'm in an awful hurry to get to St. Pierre. You don't know how I can get there, do you?"

"No, I don't!" replied the man gruffly. "There's too many in an awful hurry these days. Too much rum-runnin' an' too many hard characters comin' an' goin'. That's what!"

The man remained standing in the doorway of what Bob now saw was a little shop

with shingled sides. In the moonlight he could read a dim sign:

A. BOXWORTHY, SHIP CHANDLER

Salt Fish, Oil, Provisions
Sewing Machines, Insurance, Tar
Rubber Boots, Gasoline, Undertaking
Canvas, Cordage, Engines, Salt
& Etc.

Bob wondered vaguely what the "A. Etc." might stand for. It seemed superfluous. A. Boxworthy's business appeared to include

pretty much everything any one could imagine as having value in a Newfoundland outport.

"Do you know any place I could stay?" asked Bob, easing the weight of his ditty-bag on his shoulder. "I'm cold and tired."

"Ye're liable to be a lot colder an' tireder afore ye git clearn of Grand Bank!" the man answered grimly. He advanced and peered at the newcomer with suspicious, unfriendly eyes. "If ye ain't one of that Penguin P'int rum-runnin' gang, I miss my guess!"

"What d'you mean?" demanded Bob. "I—I don't even know what you're talking about."

"No, of course not! None of 'em ever do. I s'pose ye'll say ye're a tourist or somethin' swell. Ye look it! An' landin' this way from a schooner offshore an' all! Oh, us got a place fer the likes of you to spend the night, all right—an' the day too an' lots of days an' nights!"

"What place is that?" ventured Bob with trepidation.

"The lockup! Come alaang in my shop now an' let's have a squint at ye!"

"Oh, I don't know about that!" Bob objected, with rising irritation. "Who are you anyhow to be asking me questions this way?" "Who be I? Well, ye'll soon find out, me lad! I'm tidewater an' constable of this man's town. An' ye better come easy-like if ye're knowin' to what's good fer ye!"

With that the constable laid a heavy, compelling hand on Bob's ragged arm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD *By Harriet Lummis Smith*

WHEN Mr. Leonard Knight looked from his bedroom window that winter morning he uttered an ejaculation of astonishment. Then he exchanged the glasses he was wearing for another pair and looked again. The second view seemed to increase his amazement.

"Upon my word!" he said aloud. "This is extraordinary, most extraordinary!"

Mr. Knight was not exaggerating. There had been rather a heavy fall of snow the day before, and the urn underneath his window, a receptacle for flowering plants during the summer, had been so covered that when he noticed it the previous afternoon it had suggested to him a marble pedestal for a bust. And the extraordinary thing was that it had become the pedestal of a bust of himself, the appearance of which suggested marble, though as a matter of fact it was fashioned of snow.

Mr. Knight's worst enemies would hardly have pronounced the likeness a good one. His nose had been exaggerated into a sort of beak, and his chin had been sharpened to a mere point. His eyes were narrowed. Two pert icicles represented his moustache. In short the bust was a caricature, yet even the subject realized that it was astonishingly clever. Several times as he went on with his dressing he stopped to gaze at it, and each time he looked he murmured, "Extraordinary!" or "Remarkable!" He was in a thoughtful mood when he went down to the dining room.

Mr. Knight was a widower without a family, but he was fortunate in having a housekeeper and a butler who had been with him for many years, so that his household affairs moved like clockwork. Thomas was in the dining room as Mr. Knight entered it, and he wished him good morning as he pulled out his chair. Then he brought him his glass of orange juice, ice cold and fragrant.

"By the way, Thomas," said Mr. Knight as he sipped the golden liquid, "have you noticed the new decoration on the lawn?"

"I suppose you mean the snow, sir. Quite a fall, sir."

"No, not the snow. Look for yourself."

Mr. Knight motioned toward the rear window, and Thomas obeyed the gesture. Then he caught his breath. "Scandalous, Mr. Knight!" he cried when he had recovered himself. "I'll have it removed at once, sir."

"Wait, Thomas. Quite a remarkable likeness, isn't it?"

"Not at all, sir. I should never have known that it was meant for you."

"Then why do you think it was meant for me? I suppose," said Mr. Knight thoughtfully, "it is a protest against my action at the meeting of the school board the other evening."

Thomas said again that it was an outrage and went for Mr. Knight's oatmeal.

Mr. Knight sat thinking. He was a recently elected member of the school board, and at its regular meeting a few days before he had raised the question of discontinuing the art department in the high school. Mr. Knight had spoken strongly against spending the public money for what he denominated as "fads." A committee had been appointed to consider the question and to bring in a report, but as Mr. Knight was on the committee he felt sure of being able to carry his point. And the appearance on his snow-covered lawn of the uncomplimentary likeness of himself Mr. Knight attributed to some one who resented his attitude regarding the art department.

Before he left the house he gave Thomas instructions that the bust should not be

disturbed, and once outside he stopped for a nearer view. It increased his admiration rather than his resentment. If he did not enjoy the leering expression the unknown artist had imparted to his likeness, he was overcome with wonder that it was possible to produce it with snow. Then he went to his office thinking deeply.

One of the results of Mr. Knight's reflections was an advertisement that appeared in the leading evening paper of the little city. Instead of being off at one side with the other advertisements it occupied the centre of the page and was printed in large black type.

REWARD

A reward of twenty-five dollars will be paid for information leading to the identification of the person who on Tuesday evening executed a bust of myself in snow on my lawn.

LEONARD KNIGHT.

The day of the snowfall had been comparatively mild, but the thermometer had dropped sometime during the night, and the soft snow of which the bust was made, partly melting as it was handled, had hardened into ice. Although Wednesday was fair

"A young woman to see you, sir. She wouldn't give her name."

"Show her in," said Mr. Knight and laid down his book, prepared to give his entire attention to his caller.

The caller was a girl of perhaps eighteen years, thin and sallow and with rather small eyes. She took the chair that Thomas placed for her and waited for him to withdraw before announcing her errand. Then she said, as Mr. Knight had expected, "I came about your advertisement in the evening paper."

"Indeed. Then you think you can give me the information I wish?"

"I know I can. But I want to keep my name out of it."

"That can be arranged without any difficulty."

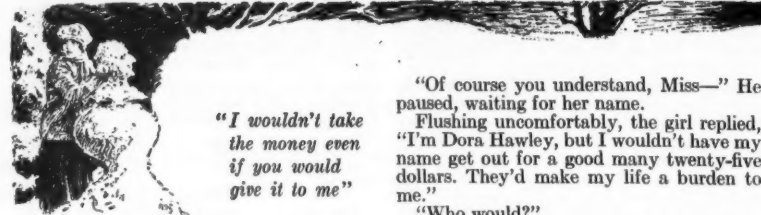
"A girl did it—Lettice Seymour. She is a high-school senior."

"Can you give any proof of your statement?"

"Oh, it will be easy enough to prove it. Lettice is always modeling things. Nobody else in town could have done that bust."

"You seem to know her well."

"Oh, yes; I'm in the same class."



DRAWINGS BY A. O. SCOTT

"I wouldn't take the money even if you would give it to me"

"Of course you understand, Miss—" He paused, waiting for her name.

Flushing uncomfortably, the girl replied, "I'm Dora Hawley, but I wouldn't have my name get out for a good many twenty-five dollars. They'd make my life a burden to me."

"Who would?"

"Oh, all the school, teachers and everyone else."

"Why is that?"

"Well you see, Lettice is awfully popular."

"But not with you?"

Dora Hawley hesitated. "Why, I've nothing against her. She's always treated me all right."

"Then this is just business," suggested Mr. Knight with his keen gaze on her face. "You're not trying to get even?"

"No, indeed, it's just business."

"Of course I shall have to check up your story before paying you. If you will write your address on this card, I will send for you in case I find your information correct."

Dora wrote her name and address on the card that he handed her. "It's correct all

right," she said briefly. "The reason she did it and gave it such a mean look was because she was angry at your trying to do away with the art department."

"I see. She disapproves of my stand, and the bust expressed her disapproval."

"Oh, she was furious," said Dora. "Lettice is a pretty-fair all-round scholar, but she's crazy about art. She'd rather draw or model than eat. And of course she's the star pupil of that department, so that the teachers make a great fuss over her."

"Has she never studied art except in the public schools?"

"She couldn't," Dora Hawley answered. "The Seymours are as poor as church mice."

She moved toward the door and then stopped to say, "I'd rather be paid in cash, if you please. You see a check—"

"Yes," said Mr. Knight. "I see. Good evening."

The next morning at his office Mr. Knight had another girl caller. He assumed that she was another candidate for the reward, and at the sight of her he was conscious of keen regret that it was so. Although not pretty in the conventional sense, she was so glowing and vital that it gave him a pang to think of her errand.

As the girl did not seem to know just where to begin, he helped her out. "I suppose you came about the reward?"

"No, I didn't," she interrupted him. Now that she was started her momentary indecision vanished. "But I came to tell you who made the bust of you."

"Isn't it the same thing?"

"No." She looked at him with a rather queer smile. "I wouldn't take the money even if you would give it to me. You see, I made that bust myself."

"Ah!" said Mr. Knight and twisted the end of his snowy mustache.

"I didn't think about its being especially wrong," the girl continued, "till I saw your advertisement. Then I began to think. Of course I was trespassing, and I suppose my being so angry at you doesn't excuse me for insulting you. But after all you made it a great deal worse. If you'd gone out next morning and smashed it, nobody would have known."

Mr. Knight smiled.

"I was not willing to destroy it," he said. "Because, although I do not consider that as a portrait it is beyond criticism, at the same time I think it is quite remarkable. I had always supposed the ordinary snowman was all that could be expected in the artistic line with snow as a material."

"It's not ideal," the girl admitted.

"But you can do a good deal with it if it's soft, the way it was Tuesday night. And as for being a likeness, it was just a hideous caricature, and I beg your pardon."

"You spoke," Mr. Knight reminded her delicately, "of being angry with me."

"Well, I was. I was furious," said the girl, using as Mr. Knight noted, Dora Hawley's word. "Of course you or anybody else can't realize what the art department in the high school has meant to me."

"Suppose you try to tell me."

"Well, you see, I always wanted to model things. I suppose if I'd been a genius I could have taught myself to do it. But as it was I went blundering along, making all sorts of ridiculous experiments. In the grades I learned something about drawing, and that helped. But when I got into the high school—well, it was like heaven!"

Mr. Knight stroked his mustache again, this time to hide a smile.

"The teachers have been just wonderful to me," the girl went on. "They've given me lots of help outside school hours, and, if I ever do anything in art, I shall owe it to them. And when I saw in the paper about

your wanting to do away with the art department I felt—like committing murder!"

"Then I suppose I should congratulate myself that you were ready to stop with making a bust of me."

The girl smiled wanly. "The worst of a quick temper," she replied, "is that you do things before you take time to think." She hesitated a moment before she asked, "Are you going to have me arrested?"

"For trespassing?" Mr. Knight seemed mildly amused.

"Well, I didn't know but that bust might be counted as libel." It was evident from her air of relief that she found his amusement reassuring. "Is that all?" she inquired.

"You haven't told me your name yet."

"Oh, excuse me; I'm Lettice Seymour."

"Are you sure, Miss Lettice, you don't want that reward? You see, if any of your acquaintances should bring the information you have given me, I should be obliged to pay for it."

Lettice smiled. "Oh, there won't be any informants."

"Are you sure? I suppose many of your schoolmates could guess the artist who visited my grounds Tuesday evening."

"Oh, they all know. Doing crazy things of this sort," explained Lettice comfortably, "is so exactly like me. But they wouldn't give me away. They are a splendid crowd of boys and girls."

A few days later Dora Hawley was summoned to Mr. Knight's office, and he counted out to her five five-dollar bills. "I've found your information quite correct," he said to her briefly.

Dora rolled up the money and put it into her purse. Then she said earnestly, "Mr. Knight—"

"Yes."

"I'm graduating from the commercial course next June. I've led my class right along. If you should need a stenographer or a bookkeeper, I wish you'd keep me in mind."

She looked up and met a peculiarly steely pair of gray eyes.

"Young woman," Mr. Knight said sharply. "I wouldn't have you in my employ if you gave me your services."

Dora only gasped.

"Several hundred young people," Mr. Knight continued, "knew what you knew, but you are the only one who has applied for that reward. The one thing every employer hopes for in those he associates with is loyalty. You are exceptionally deficient in that quality. Good afternoon."

The girl stumbled toward the door. Her hand was on the knob when Mr. Knight spoke again: "Just a moment, Miss Hawley. I don't want you to have too heavy a load on your conscience. Probably a good many people misunderstood my advertisement. I wanted to know who had made that extraordinary snow bust, not to punish the artist, but to make sure that talent like that was given a chance."

It astonished many people that the committee appointed to consider the question of discontinuing the art department in the high school brought in an unfavorable report. Mr. Leonard Knight, whose suggestion had led to the appointing of the committee, explained that when he had looked into the matter more carefully he had changed his opinion. And indeed owing to Mr. Knight's interest from that day forth the art department flourished exceedingly.

Lettice Seymour might have regretted that she graduated when she did had not Mr. Knight arranged to send her to an art school in the East—a consummation, from Lettice's standpoint, as wonderful as the ending of a fairy tale. And at the present time along with her determination to grow famous and earn a great fortune her ambition includes the making of a marble bust of Mr. Leonard Knight that will give posterity a good idea of the marked magnanimity of the distinguished philanthropist.

ECLIPSES OF SUN, MOONS AND STARS

Professor Shapley is the Director of the Harvard College Observatory at Cambridge, Massachusetts



HE coming to New England and the neighboring states of a total solar eclipse on January 24 has again aroused interest in these rare celestial phenomena and in the facts that they reveal concerning sun, moon, stars and the laws that underlie the operation of the universe. Although this particular eclipse could be seen in only a limited part of northeastern United States and at a time of the year when the weather was known to be unfavorable, extensive preparations were made by astronomers to get as much information as possible during the few fleeting moments of totality.

The disappointing weather at the California eclipse of 1923 interfered with the observations designed to test the Einstein law of gravitation and made it advisable to repeat the attempt, for our attitude toward the whole theory of relativity will be affected by the further results from eclipses. The observations were decidedly favorable to the new theory at the Australian eclipse of 1922, when the photographs made by the astronomers from the Lick Observatory and elsewhere indicated that the light from distant stars is bent by the predicted amount as it passes near the sun. The measures showed not only that light has weight but that the nature of space and time and gravitation is as Einstein and his fellow theorists had supposed.

Still there remains in some quarters a skepticism that justifies further work on this problem. The proof needs to be more substantial. And there are other features that should be studied—other causes that may slightly disturb light in its passage near the sun.

Observations of other kinds that can be made best at total eclipses of the sun relate to the solar corona, the exact position of the moon in its orbit, the mysterious shadow bands that are probably the autograph of meteorological phenomena in the upper air of the earth, the structure of the various atmospheres of the sun and the gaseous eruptions called prominences on the edge of the solar disk.

Next to the sun the moon is the most conspicuous celestial body that sometimes is eclipsed. As everyone knows, solar eclipses are caused when the moon passes between the earth and the sun; and, since the moon has almost the same angular size as the sun, real smallness being counteracted by nearness, for a few minutes the whole luminous solar surface may be concealed behind the moon as it hurries by in its orbit around the earth. On the other hand, when the moon is eclipsed the earth is the body that intercepts the sunlight, and the shadow of the earth falls on the moon. The lunar eclipses are much more commonly observed and are far less interesting than total eclipses of the sun. Nearly everyone has seen eclipses of the moon and given them only passing attention, but not one person in a thousand has seen a total solar eclipse, which once seen is never forgotten.

On the night of the eighth of next month a partial eclipse of the moon will be visible over most of the eastern hemisphere. The last part of the eclipse will be visible also in the eastern United States for one or two hours after sunset on the evening of February 8. There will be another partial eclipse of the moon on August 4 of this year, visible over the whole of the Pacific Ocean and parts of the Pacific States, South America, Asia and Australia. Last August there was a lunar eclipse that was extensively observed scientifically from the China Sea to the coast of Greenland by officers on scores of warships of the United States Navy.

One reason for studying these lunar phenomena is to get better information concerning the uppermost atmosphere of the earth—information that will be of use to high-altitude aviators and to science generally. The sunlight, falling on the moon at the time of a lunar eclipse, traveling past the "rim" of the earth, is affected by the highest layers of terrestrial air. The color of the eclipsed moon and its brightness are indicators of the nature of these high layers and particularly of the amount of dust that may be driven up by occasional great volcanic explosions.

THE MOONS OF JUPITER

We are likely to think of eclipses as occurring only to the sun and moon, but as a matter of fact the phenomenon is common in the sky. Jupiter and Saturn with their many moons present frequent eclipses that can be seen by the terrestrial observer. It is of interest to note that the first determination of the velocity of light was made after observing a peculiarity in the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter. Before the seventeenth century it was believed that light was transmitted instantaneously. But about 1676 Roemer, a Danish astronomer then at Paris, noticed that when the observed times of the eclipses of the moons of Jupiter were compared with some carefully computed tables discrepancies were revealed. The eclipses were often later than the predicted times by a varying number of minutes, the extent of the delay depending on whether the earth and Jupiter were on the same side or on opposite sides of the sun. When the earth and Jupiter were farthest apart the difference between prediction and observation amounted, according to the material that Roemer had for comparison, to more than twenty minutes. The discrepancy decreased as the earth and Jupiter approached each other and

disappeared when they were nearest together.

Roemer decided that such a variation, affecting as it did all the moons of Jupiter in exactly the same way, could not be inherent in the motions of the moons themselves; and he drew the conclusion, which has proved to be correct, that light has a measurable speed. The observed delay, he argued, is due to the time required by light to travel the extra distance between Jupiter and the observer on the earth.

The difference in distance between nearest and farthest positions of Jupiter is equal to the diameter of the orbit of the earth. Roemer therefore concluded that light requires about twenty minutes to travel across the orbit of the earth, a distance of 186,000,000 miles. Now we know of more accurate laboratory methods of measuring the speed of light, but this first method from eclipses gave a value that has not been greatly altered by subsequent work.

If we lived on Mars in the equatorial zone, we could observe eclipses much of the time. Mars has one moon that revolves round it more than three times a day and obscures the sun each time it passes. This moon is so close to the Martian surface that, though at the equator it appears large to a hypothetical Martian observer, near the poles it could not be seen, for it would be always below the horizon. The second moon of Mars would probably appear to a Martian about as bright as Venus appears to us. Its position is such that it too frequently passes in front of the sun and produces a partial solar eclipse.

To the imagined observer on Mars there would therefore be a continual procession of eclipses—daily eclipses of the sun by one or both of the moons and nightly eclipses of the moons in the shadow of Mars. If we had had such conditions on our earth, we might long ago have learned much more about the sun than we now know, especially about its higher atmosphere and the turbulent condition of its gaseous surface.

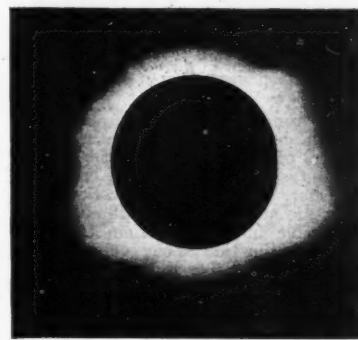
Much has been said recently in the newspapers and magazines on the subject of solar eclipses, for the path of totality of the recent eclipse crossed a thickly populated region. Since the reader has had in the daily press access to all the information he desires concerning solar eclipses, it is proposed in this article to supplement the brief account just given of the various other eclipses in our own planetary system with a description of the similar phenomena that occur in remote stellar systems.

Eclipses of stars are not conspicuous to the untrained observer, but they are nevertheless important and instructive events for the student of the nature of the material universe. They furnish information that bears on the problems of solar development and the constitution of matter.

Many of the stars that appear in our telescopes as single points of light are in reality composed of two stars very close together and revolving round a common centre of gravity. Generally these doubles are giant stars, both much larger and brighter than our sun and presumably at a younger stage in their career.

As the two stars whirl unceasingly round each other, an observer suitably stationed

By Harlow Shapley



Total solar eclipse showing corona

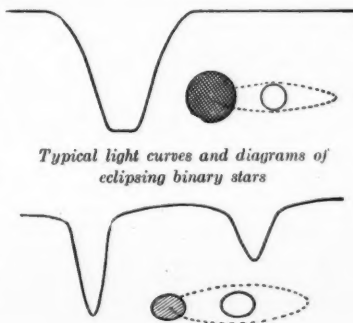
in space sees two eclipses for each complete revolution of the pair. Neither component is ever wholly lightless like the moon. In fact, we know of no dark stars, no absolutely lightless bodies in space, except the planets, moons, comets and meteors of our solar system, for which the light observed is only the reflected radiation from the sun. But when either of the components of the double star is in front of the other less light is received from the system than when they are side by side and unobstructed. Such double stars we call eclipsing binaries, or eclipsing variables.

A double star of the eclipsing kind probably originated in the division of a single rotating star that had too much mass and rotational speed to exist indefinitely as a single body. As the large single star, originally spherical, spun on its axis, it first became flattened at the poles much as our earth is known to be. This flattening, however, increased as the gaseous star contracted and other changes took place until a lemon-shaped body resulted. The elongated form in turn became pear-shaped and finally broke in two. At first almost in contact, the two resulting stars gradually separated more and more widely and formed a typical binary. The surfaces of the components of the ordinary eclipsing variable are separated by two or three times the diameter of either star.

ECLIPSING PAIRS

There are a great many double stars in the stellar universe. In fact it is found that approximately one out of every three stars that are thoroughly examined is either a close binary of the kind just described or is a widely separated double or triple system in which the components probably became associated with each other at some early time in a densely populated part of the sky. Wide doubles are found by direct observation with large telescopes; close doubles, through their variations in light or velocity.

Although one in three is a double or multiple system, we can by no means observe eclipses in so large a proportion of the stars. The widely separated systems often require so many centuries to complete a revolution that it would be hopeless to expect to see an eclipse, even if the orbit of the revolving pair were properly tilted to make eclipses observable on the earth.



Typical light curves and diagrams of eclipsing binary stars

Also not many of the close doubles are eclipsing stars, because we see an eclipse only when the plane containing the orbit makes but a small angle with the line connecting the star and the solar system. If the angle is large between the orbital plane and the direction to the earth, the stars always pass clear of each other, and no light is obscured. Whether any particular close double star is an eclipsing variable is thus essentially a matter of the accident of our position in the stellar system.

Approximately two hundred eclipsing pairs are now known. No doubt there are many more—faint and distant stars awaiting discovery. Of the brighter ones, visible without a telescope, the most famous is Algol, the "winking" star in the constellation Perseus. It is a second-magnitude star except when it winks. Then the light of the brighter of the pair is nearly blotted out by its darker companion, and the light of the system sinks until it is fainter than the third magnitude. Because this variable was the first of the kind to be discovered eclipsing stars are often called Algols. Other well-known eclipsing stars are Beta Aurigae, Lambda Tauri, Spica—the first-magnitude star in Virgo—and some of the naked-eye stars in Orion and elsewhere. At the Princeton and Harvard observatories stars of that kind are continually under investigation. Not only are the orbits computed but the stars are observed with special light-measuring instruments called photometers or are photographed with special types of telescopes.

An astronomer observing any star that varies in brightness makes estimates or measures of the light, noting the time of the observation as well as the brightness of the star. When many observations have been made at various times throughout a considerable interval of time they are plotted by using time as one coordinate and brightness as the other and producing what is known as the "light curve" of the star. This curve can give much valuable information about the stars. For example, its general form reveals the type of variability.

Eclipses are not the only causes of variation in stellar bodies. There are some stars that vary in light because they are passing through irregular thin nebulous clouds that either incite them to greater heat and luminosity or obscure their natural brightness. Other stars, called novae—that is, new stars—blaze forth suddenly, possibly because they have collided with a somewhat dense nebula. Then there are also those variable stars which pulse with an exceedingly regular rhythm, a vibration begun in some way unknown to us and continuing, it seems, indefinitely. Still others vary from causes not yet discovered. In each case the form of the light curve tells us to which class the varying star belongs.

THE LIGHT CURVE

The eclipsing stars spend a considerable part of their period in unchanging maximum light. The periodic dips in the light curve, the minima, indicate the occurrence of eclipses. The variation during eclipse is generally regular and continuous without unaccountable oscillations. The light curve, representing the successive measures of brightness, is based either on estimates made directly with the eye or on measures made with a stellar photometer; or frequently the curve is based on measures of the size of stellar images on photographic plates.

The light curve of an eclipsing double star is susceptible of mathematical analysis. It can be solved much as we solve other mathematical problems, and facts of high interest to the astronomer are the reward of such an analysis. The light curve, for example, can tell us how far the two stars are apart and their size relative to each other and to their orbit. It can tell us at what angle the plane containing the orbit is inclined to the line of sight. If there is a level stretch in the curve at the lowest point, as shown in the accompanying diagram, we deduce that when the larger star passes in front of its companion the eclipse is total. At that time all the light of the small star is cut off, and the light still observable comes entirely from the larger and darker companion.

If the part of the light curve representing maximum light is curved instead of being straight, we deduce that the stars are ellipsoidal rather than spherical. Another peculiarity of the maximum light may

indicate that the sides of the two stars facing each other are brighter than the opposite sides; that is frequently the case when the components are close together. If there are alternating minima of nearly equal depth, the stars have nearly, but not quite, the same surface brightness. If, on the other hand, the secondary minimum is shallow or perhaps too slight to be observed, there must be a large difference in the relative surface brightness of the two components. The system of Algol presents such a case of unequally bright surfaces.

We thus get a good mental picture of the stellar system in which the eclipses are taking place. The eclipse analysis reveals the sizes of the stars and their orbit, the position of the orbit in space, the brightness of the two components, their shapes, the period of revolution and the approximate distance from the sun.

One of the most interesting and valuable results that come from this study of stellar eclipses is the knowledge of the average density or specific gravity of the material composing the stars. This quantity can be obtained with some accuracy through knowing only the interval of time between eclipses and the duration of a single eclipse. The results are startling. Some eclipsing stars are only one hundredth as dense as our atmosphere! All except two or three

of the hundred stars for which orbits are known are much less dense than the sun. Those stars are of course most compact at their centres, but even there, where the pressures are enormous, many are lighter than water.

THEORIES OF STELLAR GROWTH

The information yielded by eclipsing stars concerning the density of stellar gases leads directly to the most recent theories of stellar growth. Formerly it was believed that stars were born as hot, bluish bodies of gas and slowly cooling, contracted, until they were small, dense and reddish. But at present we favor the theory that a star is born out of obscure nebulousity and in its early stages is red and comparatively cool. As it condenses through gravitation and the radiation of its energy it grows hotter and passes through stages in which the color is in turn red, yellow, white and blue. This part of its life history, from a primitive red star to the maximum temperature indicated by the bluish tint, is called the giant stage; the star is then large because the gas composing it is very diffuse. When the blue giant stage is reached, the star apparently can grow no hotter at the surface, and thereafter as it continues contracting it cools down and goes through the same

color series in reverse order; in this stage the star is called a dwarf.

After the star reaches the red dwarf stage it fades out of sight and becomes a part of the invisible mass of the universe. But of course something, we know not what, may again transform it into a diffuse cool mass of gas—a potential giant star ready for another cycle of change.

The average eclipsing star has a diameter two or three times that of the sun, and its surface temperature, about 18,000° Fahrenheit, is nearly twice as high as the solar temperature. There are some eclipsing stars, however, that are a hundred times as large as the sun and at the other extreme a few pairs that are equal to the sun in brightness, size and density. Some of the larger doubles require months to complete one revolution, but those of solar dimensions move at high speeds and in some cases revolve in eight hours' time or less.

The further study of these unusual eclipsing systems not only will teach us important lessons in stellar history, but also will ultimately solve completely the problem of the origin of double stars. It is in such contributions to our wider knowledge of the universe that we find the scientific justification of the study of eclipses, both in the solar system and out among the stars.

HORSE SENSE

By
Hugh F. Grinstead

UNMINDFUL of chaparral and cactus, rock-strewn slope and trailless waste, Luke McCabe, top hand on the Turkey Track ranch, rode his sorrel horse, Hotfoot, straight toward a cluster of barren hills scarred by deep washes—a place that range riders usually shunned. Luke was in search of strays that had been missed in the regular spring round-up.

That cattle strayed into such a region was apparently owing to the natural perversity of brute kind, for there was scarcely enough grass on a square mile of the barren soil to support a cow and her calf. Moreover, wolves and mountain lions lurked in the deep gulches, and more than one cow came out without her calf at her side. Nor did the stockmen always know whether the marauder was man or beast, for, Poverty Basin, as the place was called, had harbored evildoers in times past.

The going was rough, the rocky hillsides were steep, and the crossing of the gulches was difficult, but Luke had no fear that the sure-footed pony would make a misstep. By some instinct the creature seemed to know which stones on the slope would offer a sure purchase and which would roll under foot. The tap of a forefoot was enough to convince the wise little horse of the danger or the safety of a crossing.

In the regular work Luke rode one of his string of six ranch horses, but on a special occasion like this, when he needed an unusually dependable mount, he chose his own sorrel pony, which he had more than once refused to part with at any price. The young cowboy and his horse understood each other better than most men suspected, for the beast was unusually intelligent, and nothing had been lacking in its training. Luke had owned the horse from a colt, and besides the practical training he had taught it several amusing tricks.

Luke's orders were to ride up the gulches and across all ridges where his horse could go, beating out the thickets, and driving the cattle toward the open country where practicable. His chief errand was to brand any unbranded calves that he found following a Turkey Track mother. It was inevitable that some calves should be overlooked at the round-up, especially when the cows had hidden away in that inaccessible region.

Sliding into deep washes and laboriously climbing the farther bank, creeping along treacherous slopes of shale and crumbling clay, the sorrel carried its rider for more than a mile over the difficult way to where



The bullet fired at Luke was deflected

little mounds of bare gravel and heaps of rock thrust upward from a cove almost bare of vegetation and more than a mile in diameter. Little parks of short grass showed here and there in the basin—a meagre subsistence for the stock that ranged over it.

Luke urged his horse down a last short slope to the comparatively level ground. There he drew rein and sat in his saddle for a moment, looking down. He dismounted and stooped over, minutely examining the hard ground. "Been some cows an' a calf or two along here since sunup," he observed to himself. "Reckon they won't be no farther away than the first water hole by now."

He swung into the saddle and rode on in the direction taken by the animals whose tracks he had discovered. He came upon them—half a dozen cows and three calves—in the scant shade of a clump of stunted trees. As the half wild animals started to run at his approach he circled them and held them there against the low cliff bordering the basin at that point until he could determine the brands they bore.

One of the calves, like its mother, was branded with the three diverging bars known among cattlemen as the Turkey Track, another belonged to a Lazy-H cow from a neighboring range. The third calf was unbranded and was following a Turkey Track cow.

Unwilling to risk losing the animal, Luke determined to brand the calf at once and later drive them all back toward the home range. He singled out the unbranded calf, gave his mount the rein and shook out the loop of his rope while the little horse cut the calf off from the others and drove it out into the open a hundred feet from the

clump of trees. Two or three quick whirls of the loop, an overhand cut and Luke shot the noose downward toward the dodging calf. The sorrel horse stopped short, the rope jerked taut with a turn of it round the saddle horn, and the calf flopped to the ground, caught securely by the hind legs.

Dropping the reins, Luke swung to the ground, and as the calf struggled to get its feet under it the well-trained horse backed away a step in order to keep the rope tight. Luke made a quick fire of dried sticks and put his branding iron to heat. In a few minutes when the iron began to glow he seized the handle and ran with it toward the calf. He grasped one foreleg and, seating himself on the head of the squirming little beast, applied the hot iron to its side. The wise little horse leaned back on the rope, and the calf was helpless in its struggles to get up.

"I hope the old mammy ain't a fighter," Luke muttered as he looked anxiously toward the cattle huddled curiously among the gnarled trees.

The pungent odor of burning hair filled the air, and as the hot iron seared the skin the calf bawled lustily. With his back to the horse, twenty feet behind him, Luke kept his eyes on the mother cow as she took several short steps in the direction of her excited offspring and stopped uncertainly.

"Guess you ain't keen to start anything with me, old gal," Luke observed. "Figger you ain't forgot the feel of a hot iron yourself, an' you ain't aimin' to get close to one."

Presently the skin beneath the branding iron was seared clean, and the cowboy tossed the iron from him. As he stood up he swept his right hand along the legs of

DRAWN BY W. F. STECKER

the now submissive calf, caught his fingers in the encircling noose and pulled the rope loose. The freed calf scrambled to its feet and trotted dazedly toward its anxious mother.

Luke stood for a moment looking after the calf; as he turned round, facing his horse for the first time since taking the branding iron from the fire, he uttered a short gasp of astonishment. Standing within a yard of the horse was a stranger holding in his hand Luke's own pistol, taken from the holster at the saddle horn.

"Put up your hands, young feller," the stranger mildly commanded.

Luke did not hesitate to obey, for something in the haggard face and blazing eyes told him the man was desperate and would not stand trifling.

"Now turn round facin' the way you was when I slipped up on you."

With his hands still elevated, Luke turned round, and the stranger approached, covering in seven or eight brisk strides the twenty feet that separated them. Pushing the menacing revolver muzzle against Luke's back, the stranger made a quick search for weapons and stepped back.

"You can take your hands down now," he said evenly. "Thought maybe you had another gun, seein' as you left this one on your saddle. Foolish thing to do, son, leavin' your gun that-away, but I reckon you wasn't expectin' comp'ny out in this forsaken hole. A gun like this is pretty hefty for a puncher to pack when he's tusslin' with calves too."

Luke made no reply. He always carried his gun in a holster at the saddle horn when out after cattle. He often wondered why he carried a weapon at all, for he had never needed it except to practice at shooting the heads from rattlers. It occurred to him now that he might have been better off if he had left it at home.

"Guess you won't be hurt none 'nless you make a fuss," the stranger was saying. "Your hoss is what I want—seen he was a plumb good little feller from the way he packed hisself an' you over the ground. I lost mine back here away—rode him till he couldn't go no more an' left him for buzzard bait when he stepped in a badger hole an' broke his leg."

"But I don't—" Luke began. "I figgered you wouldn't be keen to let him go for love nor money, seein' just how he's been behavin' hisself," the stranger interrupted, "but I ain't offerin' you no money—ain't offerin' you nothin' but a whole hide long as you keep still an' don't make no trouble. I'm just a-borrowin' the hoss for a spell, an' I'm in a hurry."

The stranger approached the pony, removed the loop of rope from the saddle horn and gathered up the reins. "Reckon it might be safer if I tied you up with your rope, but I allow I got your claws pulled so you can't bother me none," he said as he swung into the saddle. "I ain't needin' more'n two hours' start, an' it'll take a cowboy all day to walk five miles to where you might meet somebody."

He still held the revolver in his hand as he turned the horse half round and urged it forward a few steps. Then as if it had been an afterthought he drew up and with a touch of bravado observed: "If you see anybody a-lookin' for Buck Henderson just tell 'em he ain't done with yet by a long shot, not while I got a good hoss under me. I'll make it to the state line if I have to kill a dozen hosses an' two or three more sheriffs. Shot away all the ammunition I had for my automatic, but this old gun of your'n an' belt of ca'tridges will fix me up for a real fight."

Buck Henderson!

At mention of the name Luke marveled that he still lived, that the notorious murderer and outlaw had been content to take the horse and let the owner off with his life. Only two days ago Buck Henderson had shot and killed the sheriff of an adjoining county while resisting arrest and had fled to the hills with a posse in pursuit. Thus far, he had been able to elude his pursuers in the isolated basin country, although the accident to his fagged horse had put him at a disadvantage.

To be left afoot while another rides away on your horse is not pleasant, but it had happened so quickly that the man was riding away from him before Luke's astonishment changed to quickening anger. It was the boastful tone, indicative of the man's cruelty and the lightness with which he held both human life and horseflesh,

that moved the quiet cowboy to a sudden burst of wrath and sent him forward a step, with his hands clenched in impotent fury. It was no more than a gesture of protest, for on the instant he realized his helplessness.

It was not the inconvenience of being left afoot that stirred the cowboy to wrath, but the knowledge that the heartless wretch would ride the little sorrel horse until the willing beast dropped from exhaustion, just as the other horse had dropped. The picture of Hotfoot left a prey to the vultures blotted from Luke's mind all thought of danger to himself. Only the utter futility of resistance caused him to stop in his tracks and drop his hands at his sides with a gesture of resignation. He had been careless enough to leave his gun on the saddle the only time he had ever needed it!

Buck Henderson had ridden thirty yards when Luke McCabe jerked himself erect with sudden determination and a quizzical light in his eyes. Did Hotfoot understand? Could he make the little horse understand? Not since he had come to work on the Turkey Track had Luke put the animal through tricks that he had taught him when a colt. Had the horse forgotten them?

Luke put his fingers to his lips and gave a long shrill whistle. He could not repress a grin of delight when the pony stopped short in his tracks and turned half round. The next instant he saw the gun hand of Buck Henderson sweep in a long arc, and a jet of flame spurted from the muzzle of the pistol. The bullet struck the ground less than six feet from where Luke was standing and buried itself in the sand.

His immediate impulse was to take to cover, for it would be easy for the outlaw to hit his mark at the next shot. But there was not a tree nearer than the little clump a hundred feet away where the cattle had stood, and the cowboy reasoned that his life depended on the next move of the wise little horse. The outlaw was already cocking the heavy six-shooter for another shot. "Up high, little hoss, way up high!" Luke shouted, as he leaned forward intent upon every move of the animal.

With sickening dread he saw the barrel of the pistol waver for an instant and settle in his direction, with the bloodshot eye of the desperate outlaw behind it. But in that instant he saw Hotfoot toss his head and knew that the little beast would obey his command.

He called again to the faithful creature as he saw its head and shoulders rise, with the forefeet pawing the air. The bullet fired at Luke was deflected by the movement, and as the beast reared higher on its hind legs Buck Henderson was forced to cling to the saddle horn.

Luke was running toward the rearing horse and the uneasy rider, calling persuasively as he ran: "Lay 'em down, Hotfoot! Go dead, old hoss, go dead!"

He was within twenty feet of the horse when the creature dropped its forefeet to the ground. The outlaw, regaining his equilibrium, had already swung the gun round for another chance shot. Luke feared that Hotfoot had misunderstood him, and a moment of suspense passed before he saw the knees of the horse begin to buckle. Then the faithful creature flopped down heavily and rolled over on one side.

Quick though the horse had been in going down, the man on it almost saved himself from a fall. He went to the ground with the horse, but was on his knees in an instant. He jumped to recover the pistol, which had dropped from his hand.

Running with the highest speed he could command in his high-heeled boots, Luke struck the outlaw and knocked him beyond the fallen weapon just as he stooped to reach it. The two went to the ground together, but the struggle was soon over. Buck Henderson had lived too loosely and had missed too many meals recently to match strength with the wiry cowboy.

When Luke finally stood back and pantingly surveyed his bound captive he chuckled. "Talk about hoss sense, mister!" he exclaimed. "I guess this little animal has got more'n both of us of any kind of sense you want to name. Reckon he knowed he had a maverick a-toppin' him; don't figger he'd ha' flopped down so neat with a rider that cared anything for his hoss."

Luke slung his prisoner across his saddle behind him and made his way back to the open country, where he would come upon men looking for the captured slayer.



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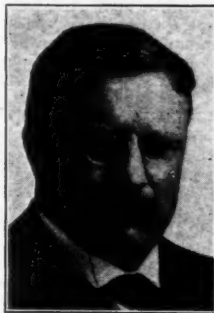
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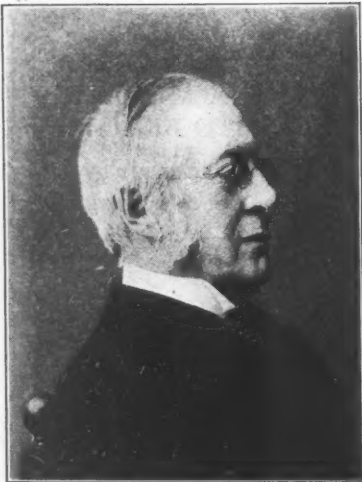
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President Emeritus of Harvard University

FACT AND COMMENT

A BADLY WASTED DAY is that on which we have not laughed.

Self-satisfaction lights the Pigling's Eye—
Which Proves the Pig not hard to Satisfy.

IT IS NEVER TOO EARLY to begin teaching your children self-control and respect for the rights of others.

LA PAZ IN BOLIVIA is a city of nocturnal noises. The big town clock strikes loudly and sonorously the quarters and in deeper tone the hours. A corps of policemen patrol the city all night, blowing loud and weird blasts on their whistles every few seconds. Far in the distance you hear the lugubrious answering call of others. Those sounds and the ceaseless tinkle of bells and the brawling of Indians usually make the first few nights a harrowing experience for a visitor.

A MISSISSIPPI GIRL, judged to be the most nearly perfect physically of three hundred and fifty thousand entrants in the health contest held in connection with the International Livestock Exposition at Chicago, gives these rules for health: "Sleep ten hours a night. Drink a quart of milk a day. Eat plenty of vegetables. Don't use face powder or rouge. Don't wear high heels." The girl, who is sixteen years old, keeps fit by means of deep breathing, setting-up exercises, basketball and—house-work.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL of Great Britain relates that one day his telescope was accidentally shifted downward, so that it commanded a part of London. Straight in front of him he saw a church steeple down which ran a crack so wide that even the vibration of the organ might have caused it to collapse. He telephoned at once to the vicar, who on being told that his steeple might fall at any minute thought he was the victim of a practical joker. When he finally realized the seriousness of the warning he closed the church at once.

A YOUNG DEER of Mt. Rainier Park knows a comfortable bed when it sees it. Last summer the guests at Paradise Inn were startled to see a deer enter the great front door of the hotel and, walking up to the fountain in the lobby, take a drink and then go out. After that the animal remained in the hotel grounds and allowed people to pet it at will. As a fawn the same deer had frequented the grounds the summer before. A few weeks after it had drunk from the fountain an employee entered one of the guest tents to make the bed and found the deer lying comfortably on top of it.

A LUTHERAN PREACHER of Wisconsin, the Rev. E. F. Scherbel, recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary of service. During those years he has been the spiritual guide of five parishes so widely separated that to visit them all of a Sunday requires almost sixty miles of riding. He went to Middleton in 1884, when the congregation consisted of only twenty families. The parents of those people had cleared the wilderness for farming. Dr. Scherbel likes to tell of the log cabins of the settlers; of the struggle for money to build the first churches; of the frame structures that let the snow in on windy Sundays; of sleeping in haymows on Saturday nights;

of the many children he has baptized and confirmed and the many couples he has married. Members of his congregations, between six hundred and seven hundred of them, who gathered at the church in Berry in honor of his anniversary presented him with a purse of money. Although he is almost seventy-five years old, Dr. Scherbel is still preaching to those widely separated communities.

OUR FOREIGN DEBTORS

WE spoke not long ago of the difficulty of settling the complicated matter of the debts of the Allies except by an arrangement to which the United States shall be a party. So long as we expect France and Great Britain to repay what they borrowed of us during the war they in turn will insist that other nations that owe them money shall pay them, so that they may have the wherewithal to pay us; and we have not observed any particular sentiment in the United States in favor of canceling our loans to European nations. We expect to be paid. The argument that the United States ought to have gone into the war earlier and therefore ought to shoulder the costs of the war that the Allies had to bear while we remained neutral does not seem valid to any great number of Americans. Half of our national debt, or nearly half, consists of bonds that we sold to our citizens in order that we might have the money to lend to the Allies. Are we unfair, unjust, greedy in wanting that half of our debt wiped out, not through taxes levied on ourselves, but through the return of the borrowed money? Are we, as some hot-headed Europeans have declared, a Shylock among the nations?

That charge at least will not hold. Shylock pressed for his debt the moment it was due and pressed for the whole of it without abatement. For six years we have waited not only for the money but even for some arrangement concerning it. Great Britain has just begun to pay us interest—at a lower rate than the loan called for. France has only begun to talk about paying. No one expects to see any money from France for a number of years,—perhaps ten,—and we are not likely to get more than a small part of the interest even after that interval. Some people believe we shall never get any money except from Great Britain, and that in time both our public men and our general public will come to see the futility of expecting payment. Certainly we shall get little from France unless the Germans pay their reparations account, and it is by no means certain that they will do that. By our willingness to wait, our willingness to make the terms of payment easy, our readiness to offer every consideration short of absolute cancellation we have proved ourselves a most lenient creditor. Perhaps the Allies are right in thinking that just because we can afford to pay their bills better than they can afford it themselves we ought to do it. Perhaps we shall eventually be convinced that that is what we ought to do, but so far we are not convinced. Our debtor nations have always been solvent and were supposed to be solvent when they borrowed our money. We hope they always will be, and that they can prove it by paying us eventually if not now. We asked for no indemnities in land or money at the end of the war. All we think we ought to have is our own money back again. Is that unjust?

It may be added that so long as the debts remain uncanceled, though unpaid, they are an important influence for peace. None of the European powers would embark on a real war unless they had sound credit in the United States, and so long as their former debts remain unpaid they would find it hard to borrow more of us. So perhaps it is good peace insurance not to press our debtors for payment, but to keep the unpaid balance standing on our books.

WINTER SPORTS

THE country boy has always known the joys of winter sports. No special publicity was required to acquaint him with the thrill of coasting down steep hills, of taking a leap into the air, sled and all, at the "thank-you-ma'ams," of an active hour on skates, or of walking sure-footed over the piled-up drifts.

It is the city people, the indoor workers, the idle rich, if you will, that in recent years have learned to taste those delights. They have discovered that, though snow covers the ground and the weather is cold and ice

binds the rivers and the lakes, they need not remain cooped up in heated apartments, and that in winter sociability need not be restricted to dances and theatre parties. Gradually they have begun to learn that in winter as in summer there is no recreation to be compared with exercise in the open air; no fun like that of playing in the garden of Nature, frozen though it may be; no rest for mind and body comparable to a trip into the country, no matter what the temperature; no renewal of strength like that derived from direct contact with Mother Earth. The city dweller has discovered the country boy's paradise.

The discovery is owing partly to improved equipment in country inns and hotels, which enables them to offer city guests adequate accommodations at any season, and partly to improvements in transportation, such as closed motor cars, paved country roads and special train schedules. It has also been fostered by modern advertising, which has done so much to form the habits and customs of the present generation, and it has been helped along by the adoption of more suitable styles of clothing, particularly for women. Hoop skirts and tight corsets were not adapted to skating, ski running or bob-sled coasting. Knickerbockers and golf stockings permit girls as well as boys to take their full part in winter sports.

To escape the rigors of winter, more and more northern people go south every year; and for the aged or infirm it is pleasant and beneficial to follow summer to Florida, Texas, Arizona, the West Indies or southern California, just as in Europe those who can afford it flock to the French Riviera, Italy, Egypt or northern Africa. But for the young, the active, the shorter excursions into the neighboring hills satisfy the same need for change of surroundings and for social diversion. The growing custom among city people of turning to the out-of-doors life in the winter is a hopeful sign in our comfort-seeking age.

ILLUSION

WHAT is illusion? The thing that is most real to some persons is mere illusion to others. To the cynic the man who believes that human nature is fundamentally generous, unselfish and kind is possessed by the most absurd of illusions; to the sentimentalist the man who believes that some human beings are incapable of being led to a godly, righteous and sober life is blind to demonstrated truth. Somewhere between the extremes of illusion lies reality; but just where reality ends and illusion begins no man is wise enough to say.

Like a prejudice an illusion makes a man interesting and gives him personality and rather more satisfaction with life than he would have if he were deprived of it. The illusions of normal people are usually illusions of taste—in color or clothing or books or pictures or architecture or decoration. When people credit themselves with a quality or a trait in which most other people find them conspicuously deficient they become the subjects of illusion. And such illusion confers a double benefit; it adds to the satisfaction and harmless pride of the subject and is a source of amusement to the observer. Most humor and nearly all irony and satire have their origin in the ability to see what is illusion.

The philosopher may find it an entertaining thought that among all those who smile at the illusions of others there is not one who is quite free from illusion himself.

CHAIN STORES

COMBINATION in production and in transportation is nothing new. An irresistible movement towards it began almost fifty years ago. For a long time the idea of combination in manufacturing had to contend with a strong popular prejudice against it. Everyone was afraid of monopoly. In response to the popular feeling all sorts of restrictive and prohibitive laws were passed by state legislatures and by Congress itself. But the movement towards combination, based as it was on economic necessity, has never been stopped; it has only been retarded. With the rising cost of everything, materials and labor alike, the only economy possible—the reduction of overhead costs through combination—has become inevitable. Antitrust laws have never been rigidly enforced. Public opinion, recognizing the usefulness of combination and the expensiveness

of manufactories and railways run on a small scale, has gradually learned first to endure and then to approve combinations in production if under proper control by the government.

In distribution the progress has been slower. Although no one likes to admit it, distribution is more costly than production. Farm and dairy coöperatives that have taken over the business of distribution because they thought that the profits in it were unduly large have learned by experience that it costs more to get their produce from the farm to the customer than it does to raise it. Farmer and miller and railway together get only about a third of the money that the housewife pays for a loaf of bread.

Distribution, always costly, has often been more expensive than it need be, because retailing has been an individual business conducted on a small scale and by easy-going methods. There is a good deal to be said in favor of the small shopkeeper. He is almost always a good citizen with a stake in the community. He is the man with whom the purchaser comes into direct contact; and if, as usually happens, he is honest and well liked, his neighbors often prefer to deal with him even if he cannot cut prices as the chain stores cut them. For the chain stores, introducing combination into the business of distribution, are rapidly making the retailer's problem very different from what it was. The chain stores do not succeed in cutting the actual cost of marketing their wares, but by reason of the immense quantities their organization purchases they do buy cheaper; and by keeping a limited number of readily salable articles they turn over their stocks two or three times while the ordinary shopkeeper is turning his over once; so they can and do undersell the independent grocer or druggist or shoe dealer.

Chain stores are increasing faster every year. Within three years six of the largest concerns added nearly six thousand stores to their list. There must be more than twenty thousand such stores in the country. One corporation—the largest—sells more than \$300,000,000 worth of goods every year. Another sells \$200,000,000 worth. Those concerns are introducing into distribution the methods and the economies of big business. So long as they serve the useful purpose of reducing the cost of necessary articles to the purchaser they will prosper and multiply, but we do not believe they will ever get the field of retailing to themselves. There are some businesses and some kinds of goods to which their methods are not applicable, and there will always be local merchants whose business capacity and likable personality will make them certain to be preferred even when they come into direct competition with the big organizations. But the chain stores have put something new into the business of distribution, and, since that something leads to economy and lower prices, they will more and more have to be reckoned with.

MELTING POT OR ORCHESTRA?

THAT remarkable nonagenarian Dr. Charles W. Eliot still retains his power of saying things that make us think. Fifty years ago he was hard at work revolutionizing all our ideas about the higher education. The other day he made a speech that shows that he still looks at things not from a traditional but from an original point of view.

He told an audience of Jews that they should not think of intermarrying with Gentiles, but should preserve their race and their traditions as a valuable element in that extraordinary complex, the American people. He hinted that none of the races that have come to this country have really amalgamated with the old stock, and he is inclined to believe that it is better so. There is much power in a vivid phrase, and ever since Mr. Israel Zangwill compared the United States to a melting pot a melting pot is what we have liked to call it. The phrase "took" because it expressed our own idea of what "Americanization" was to be—a fusion of all our varied races into a new and vigorous people, unlike any other, but inspired by the political and social ideals of the stock that won our independence and built our democracy. Dr. Eliot, we gather, distrusts the ideal and rejects the phrase. He would like the various elements in our population to keep their intellectual and artistic individuality. He would have America a mixture of separate substances rather than a compound, which, as those who have studied chemistry

know, has properties unlike those of any of its elements.

Some one who agrees with him has suggested a new symbol. America, says this person, should be, not a melting pot that reduces everything to a monotonous mediocrity, but a symphony orchestra, each instrument in which is eternally unlike the others but blends with them into a glorious harmony. It is an attractive figure, and it may come to represent the ideal that we shall set before us; for, like it or not as we please, we are coming to have our doubts whether the melting pot will succeed in doing what we have expected of it. The elements in liquefaction seem somehow more refractory than we had hoped. Making all Americans alike is proving to be a hard job.

But if we are to think of our nation as a great symphony orchestra, let us remember that such an orchestra must play from the same score and subject itself to the guidance of a competent leader if it is not to produce ear-piercing discord in place of heavenly harmony. However unlike our different racial stocks are in gifts and dispositions, they must all accept certain fundamental ideas and hopes and aims. They must find and follow leadership that sympathizes with their diversity, but that knows how to combine it into a unity of feeling and of purpose. Those will not be easy things to do, for they require intelligence, good will and self-control. A symphony orchestra is a far nobler thing than a melting pot, but it is correspondingly harder to make and to keep in order.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

BOYS

should know that the serial story to follow BELOVED ACRES, which we announce on the cover of this number, is wholly for them. The Splendid Year is the story of an athlete whom a strained heart forbids to take his usual pleasures, and whose cherished ambitions it thwarts. What shall he do? How he overcomes his great handicap and wins a place for himself in the school makes an inspiring story, bristling in movement and stirring in incident. Fine upstanding boys are they who figure in this tale of studies and athletics. It is by an old Companion favorite,

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CURRENT EVENTS

ONE of the liveliest episodes in modern politics, though not one of the most important, is the literary crusade that Señor Blasco Ibanez, the well-known Spanish novelist, is carrying on against King Alfonso of Spain. Señor Ibanez is cautious enough not to put himself into Alfonso's power. He lives in Paris, and there, safe from the royal police, he writes savage broadsides attacking the King as a cruel and greedy parasite. He accuses him of instigating the coup d'état by which Gen. Primo de Rivera seized the power of the state; of insisting on continuing the war in Morocco because he profits financially from the money spent on it; of interfering disastrously in the military conduct of the war; of consorting with profiteers, gamblers and dishonest promoters for the money they can turn in his direction. He smuggles the booklets into Spain in a dozen ingenious ways. It is even said that he has thousands of them dropped from aeroplanes into the farms and villages near the French border. We can hardly take Alfonso at Señor Ibanez's valuation. The accusations have the venom of partisan spite and give

what is probably an exaggerated and distorted picture of the victim. But King Alfonso cannot ignore them. Such vigorous and readable attacks cannot but weaken the King's already difficult position in Spain.

AN eminent British chemist, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, is the author of a spirited defense of chemical warfare. He insists that our revulsion against the use of gas in warfare is owing to the novelty of the weapon. That it is cruel he denies. He declares that, although gas can be more effective than any other kind of weapon in putting the enemy out of the battle, it inflicts on the whole far less pain and suffering than shells, causes comparatively few fatalities and in the end leaves no such wreckage behind it as artillery leaves. Mr. Haldane believes also that the effect of future gas attacks will not be nearly so destructive as we have imagined. He thinks that measures of defense will tend to balance those of offense, and that only nations too stupid or too lazy to keep up with the advance of chemistry will be any worse off than they have been in the past. If the nations could be persuaded to use only the so-called "tear" gases, which temporarily disable, but which do no permanent injury, there would be no question of the comparative humanity of gas as a weapon. Unfortunately armies cannot be trusted to deny themselves the use of savage weapons when they seem likely to be of service in winning a victory.

It is encouraging to learn that there were fewer lynchings in 1924 than in any other year for a long time. There were only sixteen, less than half as many as there were in 1923. We can hardly attribute the reduction to any general increase in the respect for law, for crimes of violence are if anything more common than they ever were before; but it is at least probable that the force of public opinion is making itself felt with regard to the practice of lynching. The subject has been under discussion for a great many years. A process of education has gone on slowly but steadily. Lynching is one form of disorder of which we are curing ourselves.

THE Department of Commerce has been studying the size of American families. The statisticians have taken for consideration the families in which the fathers are more than forty-five years old, since such families can be regarded as "completed." They find that the largest number of children "ever born" are found in the families of foremen, overseers and coal operatives, among whom the average is about eight. The smallest number of children are found in the families of physicians and dentists, where the average is a little more than three. The average for all professional men differs little from that of the doctors, dental and medical. Perhaps the high birth rate among coal miners explains the well-known fact that the supply of such labor is considerably greater than can be profitably and regularly employed.

JUSTICE MCKENNA of California, who has just retired from the Supreme Court, is eighty-one years old and has been a member of our highest court since 1898. Like Mr. Harlan Fiske Stone, the man whom the President named to succeed him, he stepped from the office of Attorney-General to the Supreme Court. The new justice is highly regarded as a lawyer and has been successful in reorganizing and stimulating a department that he found in a good deal of confusion.

ACCORDING to some figures prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board public expenditure in 1923 amounted to almost ten billion dollars. The national government is reported to have spent \$3,459,000,000, of which about \$1,500,000,000 was for interest on the public debt. The state governments spent about \$1,450,000,000, and the local governments \$5,136,000,000. This means that government cost us about 15 per cent of our entire national income, and that we spent at the rate of \$91 for every man, woman and child in the country. Only 77 per cent of this amount was raised by taxation; the rest was borrowed. In 1902 88 per cent of our expenses of government was raised by taxation and in 1890 virtually all of it. Thus is our growing gift for extravagance reduced to figures that all can understand.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



DRAWING BY REGINALD BIRCH



VERSE BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

*When Billy squirts the garden hose
A cricket, drenched, falls on his nose,
An ant hill melts to mud and flows
So ants and cricket tell their woes:*

*"Ugh!" says the cricket. "Look at me!
I'm just as mad as I can be!"
The ants cry, "Stop it! Don't you see
You'll spoil our top-floor nursery!"*

*But, oh, how thankful is the rose!
Why, every pretty plant that grows
Wiggles its leaves with joy and shows
How glad it is of Billy's hose.*

PRINCESS POMEGRANATE'S PATTERN

By Winifred Livingstone Bryning

ONCE there lived two princesses, named Pomegranate and Almond Blossom. Pomegranate was bright and pretty, and so dearly beloved by her father and mother that they were inclined to spoil her. Almond Blossom was a frail little girl whom no one noticed much, but there was something very attractive about her clear skin and dark, almond-shaped eyes.

One day Pomegranate grew tired of teasing her parakeet and decided to go out into the garden where the fountain was playing. As she strayed about the garden she came upon a beautiful lady seated on a taboret beside the fountain, working at a small hand loom.

"What are you making?" asked Princess Pomegranate.

"Tapestry," said the lady. "These are to be hangings for the court."

"I should like some tapestry for my rooms," said Princess Pomegranate with a little toss of her head. "I am the princess, you know."

"There are two princesses, are there not?" asked the lady.

"Only my sister Almond Blossom and I," Pomegranate replied. "But everyone calls me the princess because I am the elder. Almond Blossom is only—Almond Blossom."

"What kind of room have you?" asked the lady.

"I have several rooms, but my bedroom is ugly, and I hate it!" said Pomegranate with a stamp of her foot.

"What makes it ugly?" asked the lady.

"There are all kinds of patterns in it that annoy me. The walls are made of alabaster, and they are set with star shapes of precious stones—jasper and lapis lazuli and black onyx and great slabs of amethyst. I hate the sight of it!"

The lady's eyes opened wide. "All those precious stones!" she exclaimed. "What would some people not give to wear such jewels, and you have them to decorate your bedroom!"

"I picked some of them out with a hair-pin once," said Pomegranate with a little laugh, "and threw them into the fountain. The goldfish must have swallowed them."

The lady sighed. "So you want me to make you a piece of tapestry," she said. "What will you do with it? Since your walls are covered with precious stones, you do not need tapestry for them."

"I'll cover up the jewels," said Pomegranate.

"I have an idea," said the lady, choosing a beautiful rose-colored thread and beginning to weave again. "I shall make a small piece of tapestry for Your Highness as a gift, and I shall also make one for your sister Almond Blossom. You may choose your own colors, but I shall not let you see what I am weaving until it is all done. Now, what colors will you have? I shall

not repeat the same colors in Almond Blossom's tapestry, so choose with care."

"I'll take rose and light blue and lavender and gold and dark green and pale pink and dark blue and red and jade and orange and yellow and violet and purple and saffron and light crimson—"

"Wait a moment!" cried the lady. "Leave some colors for Princess Almond Blossom. You have taken nearly all the colors in the rainbow."

Pomegranate frowned. "Well, Almond Blossom doesn't need bright colors; she's so dull anyway," she replied. "I want my tapestry to be beautiful—like me."

Some weeks later Almond Blossom and Pomegranate saw the lady at work by the fountain. She had two small rolls of tapestry beside her.

"Good day to Your Highnesses," she said. "Here are your tapestries all finished. I shall spread them out on the lawn so that you can look at them."

She did it, and a moment later the princesses turned and took a long look at their tapestries.

Suddenly Pomegranate screamed with rage and stamped her foot. "What a hideous mess!" she cried.

It was true. Her tapestry was a strange jumble of gaudy colors. It did not even make a pattern. There were only splashes

of bright color, and some of the colors did not look well together.

Almond Blossom studied her pattern with a smile on her face. It was a lovely piece of work with a background of deep brown, shading into soft tones of lighter tint. The design was neat and orderly and presented a little garden of white flowers with pale greenish-gray leaves growing on long, silvery gray stems. They looked like lilies.

"How beautiful!" murmured Almond Blossom. "And the tapestry is all for me? Oh, thank you, sweet lady."

Pomegranate was angry. "Why should my sister have a lovely pattern and I have such an ugly one?" she demanded. "It's just a hideous jumble of all the colors in the world!"

"You chose the colors yourself," the lady replied. "I have named your pattern the Pomegranate Pattern, and your sister's I have called the Almond Blossom Pattern."

"Why?" asked Pomegranate sullenly.

"Because your pattern is like yourself, and Almond Blossom's is like her. Sometimes you are gay and gaudy, and sometimes you are in a screaming temper and don't mind in the least what you say or do. You have no fixed plan in anything. You are just like a jumble of gaudy colors thrown carelessly together. Each color in itself is



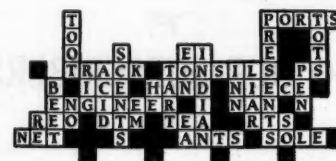
DRAWN BY DECE MERWIN

GO IT!

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Zip, string, let her fly!
What a top for twirling!
Zing, zing, hear her sing,
See her colors whirling.
Zoom, zoom, round and round
Watch her bow and dip.
Take her up and start again—
Zip, string, zip!

Spin, top, all your stripes
Seem to run together;
How you go on your toe,
Light as any feather!
How you scurry as you skip,
Dancing out and in,
Whizzy bright, dizzy light—
Spin, top, spin!



THE CORNFIELD IN AUTUMN

By Daisy D. Stephenson

Where once there waved a field of green

A mystic village now is seen;
For shocks of Indian corn now stand
Like tepees brown on every hand.



beautiful, but without a pattern the colors amount to nothing."

The Princess Pomegranate was too much astonished to reply. No one had ever dared to speak to her in such a way before. But there was something about the beautiful, stately lady that frightened her a little, and she did not retort sharply in her usual way. She was silent for some moments, thinking deeply. In her heart she could not help seeing that what the strange lady had said was true. Her pattern was like herself. She did have screaming tempers and was noisy and gaudy like a jumble of colors thrown together. Almond Blossom, on the other hand, was like white lilies growing against a soft brown background, always calm and sweet and gentle.

"Yes, I see now," said the Princess Pomegranate slowly. Tears suddenly rushed to her eyes. "I wish I had a pretty pattern like Almond Blossom! I mean—I wish I were pretty inside—"

"I shall be glad to weave Your Highness a beautiful tapestry," the lady said kindly as she saw Pomegranate's tears. She rolled up the ugly, gaudy tapestry and hid it in a workbox. "The very next time you do or say something sweet, Pomegranate, Almond Blossom must come and tell me about it, and I will work a blossom in a new tapestry. It shall be called Pomegranate's Pattern instead of the other."

"Thank you," said Pomegranate, drying her eyes. "I shall always keep it on a little table, and look at it often to remind me. I won't cover up the jewels on the walls, because they are pretty in their way."

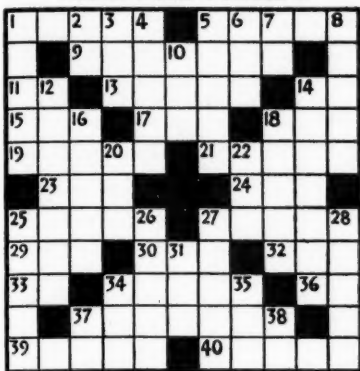
"What is your name?" Almond Blossom asked the strange lady. She was curious to know, because no one had ever mentioned her name.

"I am called the Weaver of Patterns," the lady replied.

And that was all they ever knew about her, because she went as quietly as she had come.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE L



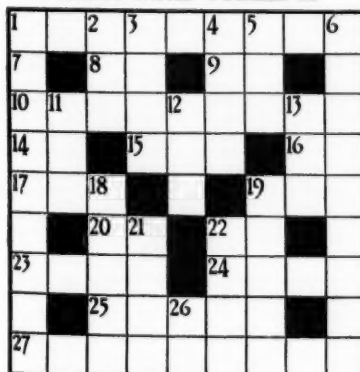
HORIZONTAL

1. Well-known harbor
5. Pertness
9. Fourteen lines (pl.)
11. Again
13. To extract
14. A group of islands (abbr.)
15. Look
17. One of our neighbors (abbr.)
18. Fabulous bird
19. Prominent joint
21. To exude
23. A salute
24. Used on a boat
25. Amusing
27. To plate again
29. Destitute of affection
30. Point of the compass
32. Indefinite number
33. Oak (obs.)
34. Means of propulsion
36. Used on stocktickers (abbr.)
37. Small monkeys
39. To begin
40. Succeeds to childhood

VERTICAL

1. Cavalry
2. Against (abbr.)
3. Species of small deer
4. To furnish with a gift
5. Schools
6. Goddess of mischief
7. We
8. Dispossess
10. Kind of pigeon
12. An eel
14. Mounting
16. Hard wood
18. Long rope
20. Possess
22. Grief
25. Commands
26. Spume
27. Supply kept for relief
28. Maiden
31. To hold a session
34. Beyond (prefix)
35. Shoe (obs.)
37. A degree
38. She (obs.)

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE M



HORIZONTAL

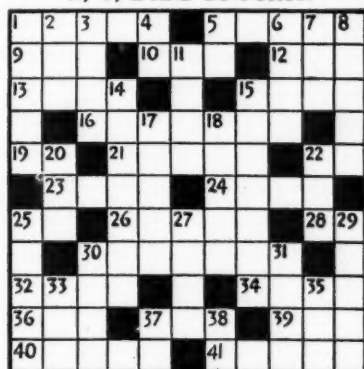
1. French national heroine
7. Exclamation
8. "That is"
9. Meaning "no less than"
10. A symbol of good luck
11. Initials of the man who compiled the dictionary
15. Symbol of a dangerous explosive
16. Abbreviation for a state that separated itself from another

17. Girl's name
19. Not large
20. Before noon
22. Abbreviation for a continent
23. French ecclesiastical title
24. Heroine of the opera Lohengrin
25. A bay window
27. An Alpine pass that Napoleon used

VERTICAL

1. Our second President
2. The first requisite of life
3. Home for feathered babies
4. With speed
5. A tree with hard wood
6. Our twenty-second President
11. To possess
12. Farthest from the beginning
13. To be in debt
18. A native deputy of India
19. Half of a town in Washington
21. Meaning "such and no more"
22. Past participle of verb connected with vision
26. Abbreviation for Ireland

X, Y, Z AND SO FORTH



HORIZONTAL

1. A laminated argillaceous rock
5. A light anchor used in warping
9. A small cask
10. Cunning
12. A fish
13. A genus of wild goats
15. A tea made of the dried leaves of Brazilian holly
16. A South-American monkey
19. Each (abbr.)
21. A letter pronounced through the nose
22. A public utility (abbr.)
23. Lays
24. A Greek prefix meaning "one's own"
25. A pronoun
26. A nomadic tribe
28. A degree
30. Dexterity
32. Narrative
34. Impressed sign
36. A practical joke
37. A sprite
39. A sign of the zodiac
40. Tries
41. Places for heating

VERTICAL

1. The gnomon of a sundial
2. A hilt
3. To instigate
4. Plural ending
5. A Southern state (abbr.)
6. Senior member of a diplomatic corps
7. Realize
8. A dirge
11. Meadows
14. Yellowish in color
15. Most gentle
17. A builder in stone
18. Incursions
20. Inclined
22. A measure of length
25. Lifeless
27. Quantity of paper
29. Judges
30. Pear-shaped fruits
31. A circuit of itinerant judges
33. A form of pastry
35. A Greek prefix meaning "all"
37. Form of the verb "to be"
38. A river in Italy

You don't have to wait for answers this time. Look on page 66 of this issue if you get stuck.



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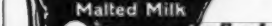
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THE SUMMONS



By Gertrude West

'Tis a life that is toilsome and rugged, I well understand,
But the ones who are summoned must answer the call of the land.

The sale bills were up at the Corners: "Two grays and one bay,
A dozen fine butter-bred Jerseys"—the same they all say.
He had tired of this drudging, said Eldon, to be his own boss.
He had sowed his best years in his wheat field and reaped at a loss.
He would trade us no work in the threshing nor haul to the mills.
His grain shocks he left where he garnered—and posted his bills.

We were threshing at Conrads' that morning.
The blac of dawn
Flared golden before the pale silver of moonlight was gone.
The prairie was rousing, teams harnessed and breakfasts were done,
And, kindling a path through the stubble, there rose the red sun;
While shrill through the silence breeze lifted, and, keen above all,
The thrasher gave voice to its summons—the water-tank call.
All men in their hearts are but children as sure as the vote,
And the best of them own now and then to a lump in the throat.
And I felt without shame at that whistle a thrill of my own—
The stirrings of boyhood, which manhood had never outgrown.
So—we sat on our grain racks and waited the gathering crew
And guessed at the hoard of the acres as farmers will do
While Moran, a veteran pitcher, looked over the field
And from his sage wisdom predicted a bountiful yield.

Gold bundles leaped up through the sunshine to build up a load.
Some tourists slowed down in their passing to gaze from the road.
A quail fluted clearly. The stacker swayed slowly, and then
The thrasher sent out its long summons—the whistle for men.
'Tis strangest of all God's creations, the heart in man's breast—
From his place on the stack Dennis pointed and called to the rest.
A gray team was coming and coming along at a trot,
And the driver—life grants us some sights that are never forgot!
Sure-footed, face lifted, stood Eldon upon the long frame,
And his weathered brown features were working as jolting he came,
Man, a radiance touched him; 'twas like he had visioned a Grail,
And one hand clenched a crushed sheaf of papers—the bills of his sale.
He drew up among us in silence, and down his rough cheek
A tear ploughed its difficult furrow before he could speak,
And then: "Lads, some bonds may be severed and do us no harm,
But God forged the tether that fastens my heart to my farm.
I thought, single-handed, to break it and then through the dawn
I harked to the call of the harvest—and could not go on."

'Tis a life that is toilsome and rugged, I well understand,
But the ones who are summoned must answer the call of the land.
So, jesting to cover a tremor, we drove down the lane,
All hands to the field—for the thrasher had whistled for grain.

WINTER FRUIT

IN a little town of western Iowa an interesting phenomenon occurred not long ago. Last spring the blossoms of a cherry tree in one of the yards appeared as usual, but a severe storm wrenched the tree to such an extent that the western branch appeared to die. Its blossoms fell, and the leaves withered. So it remained through the months of fruit bearing and summer growth. But as fall approached the buds on the western branch awakened and swelled as if spring had come, and before long the branch was in full bloom!

The strange occurrence is counted a wonder in the neighborhood, and yet it is a pathetic thing. Blossoms are the promise of fruit to come, but in this instance the promise could not be fulfilled. Winter was just ahead with its frosts and snow and ice.

What a lesson it is to us! How many people put off till the winter of life is almost upon them

the question of accepting the Savior and life through Him! And then, if at last they do turn to Him in old age, the promise of a converted life will truly prove to be an empty promise so far as fruit in this world is concerned. Long before the fruit can mature the frost of death will come. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not."

THE LUCKY DOG

BOB HAMPTON paused, trowel in hand, as Lew Stiles drove by in his high-powered car. "There goes a lucky dog if there ever was one!" he muttered. "His father left him a million. What did my father leave me? Nothing!"

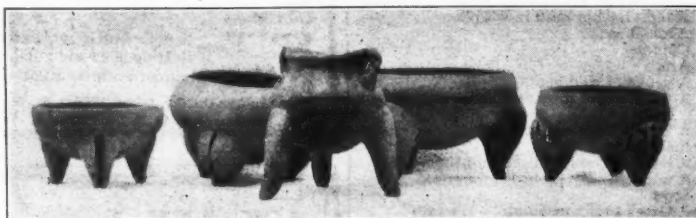
Old Turner Gill straightened up and regarded his young fellow workman quizzically. "Didn't leave you anything, eh? Well, I've worked beside old Sol Hampton many a long day when bricklaying wasn't so remunerative as it is now. I've watched you grow from babyhood to manhood, and I'm here to say that your father left you things that money can't buy. He left you a name that is respected, a strong, healthy body and brains enough to use it, domestic tastes and qualities that have enabled you to contribute your share to the making of a happy home, a love of virtue and a distaste for vice that have kept you straight so far and will keep you straight the rest of your days if I am not much mistaken. Besides, he left you a faith in God that will keep you to the journey's end. These things are worth more than money, Bobby."

"And let me tell you something else. A million dollars isn't all that Lew's father left him. He left him selfishness; he left him the means and the liberty to cultivate a taste for dissipation that has wrecked his health and all but wrecked his home. He left him the curses of hundreds whom he had cheated out of their earnings. Lew Stiles hasn't a real friend in the world. Ole Jem Stiles was too busy grabbing and getting to have time to make anything except a spender out of his son. Take away Lew's money and he would be nobody. Take it all in all, I consider Lew Stiles as about the unluckiest dog that ever barked at his shadow!"

WHERE THE DAHLIA COMES FROM

TIME was when the dahlia was not a flower that was highly esteemed, but that was before the really skillful gardeners got hold of it. By repeated hybridization they have now produced a wonderfully brilliant and beautiful blossom that has come to take a high place in the affections of the lover of flowers.

The dahlia, it seems, is a native of Mexico, where it grows wild. The conquistadores, says



Ancient pottery from Panama. Observe the little clay ball seen through the slit in the leg of the vessel on the left

Mrs. Charles H. Stout in her book on the dahlia, or else some priest who went along with them, saw or suspected possibilities in the wild plant and sent some of the bulbs home to Spain. There the work of development was begun and carried a considerable distance, but it is not a Spanish but a Scandinavian name that the flower bears and always will bear, simply because the botanist Dahl, a pupil of Linnaeus, was the first to describe and classify it in a scientific manner.

That seems unjust, but it is now too late for the wrong to be righted. The Spaniards, if they had tried, doubtless could have invented a more sonorous and beautiful name. The ancient Mexicans too have a claim for recognition though the name they used merely meant "water pipe" and referred to the structure of the stems.

It is curious that the hybridizers owe much to a single bulb sent over to Spain in a box of odds and ends. That bulb grew into a dahlia of a new type, and the strange thing is that never since has that particular dahlia been found growing wild in Mexico or anywhere else. It must have been a "sport," a new variety that nature tried and for some mysterious reason condemned to swift extermination. It was saved by chance for the gardens, and the descendants of that one bulb, mixed in inextricable confusion now with the other varieties, must be credited with having no small share in producing the wonders of the modern show.

TICKLING THE TEACHER

THE strictness with which Oriental women are restrained is a temptation no doubt to a certain exuberance of conduct when the restraint is for the moment removed. An

anecdote that seems to justify that conclusion is told in the Earl of Meath's Memories of the Twentieth Century. The hero of the story probably was the late Sir Harry MacLean, who was appointed commander of the army of the Sultan of Morocco.

At any rate a well-known Scottish ex-officer had been appointed to command the Sultan's forces. The appointment created a scandal among Mohammedans, who demanded that he be supplanted by a native. The Sultan, wishing to keep the Scot near him, hit upon the ingenious idea of creating a new office—instructor of bicycle-riding to his majesty's harem. It would be such fun to watch his wives learning and see them fall off the wheels!

So a tandem was bought for the late general and a court chosen for the lessons. The Sultan, placing himself at the window overlooking most of the court, commanded his general to take the ladies of the harem one after another round the court, the general on the front seat, the lady behind him. But the sultan had not realized that a certain corner of the courtyard was out of his sight.

"It is reported," writes Lord Meath, "although I will not vouch for the truth of the report, that the gallant general said he would rather have faced many stricken fields leading the Moorish troops than be placed in front of those Moorish women, whose tickling from behind, while out of view of their lord, was beyond all endurance. He could not retaliate of course, and had to endure passively the mischievous attentions of the women."

FROM THE ANCIENT CEMETERIES OF PANAMA

PERHAPS the most interesting cemeteries in the world, those of an ancient Indian race of which little is known, are situated near Bugaba, Chiriqui, Panama. Formerly the graves covered a vast territory, but many have been opened and plundered.

In 1857 a Spaniard who was digging on his plantation in Panama unearthed a grave that contained some gold ornaments. He continued to dig and gathered a fortune before his secret became known; then everyone began to hunt for gold, and thousands upon thousands of graves were destroyed, and countless priceless relics were broken and lost to archaeologists.

An idea of the number of graves may be had from the account of Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, who crossed the isthmus from David to Bocas del Toro, fifty years ago. He writes: "A mile outside of Dolega the party stopped at the house of Robert Soles, the discoverer of the golden relics in the Indian graves of Chiriqui. All the way from David we had ridden through thousands of these disemboweled and ransacked graves, and in every direction for

"If you want hot baths, why on earth don't you have them at a reasonable time?"

"And what do you call a reasonable time?" I asked with dignity.

"Ten p. m.," said Marion.

At ten p. m. that night I had a very tepid bath.

"It's your own fault," said Marion in reply to my remonstrances, which, unlike the water, were extremely heated. "Cook let the fire out after lunch. We were dining at the club. If you want a bath, you must say so beforehand when we're dining out."

The next day I took no chances, "Marion," I said carefully at lunch, "at ten p. m. this evening I intend to lave myself in artificially heated water."

"I know," said Marion excitedly. "You want a hot bath. Do I get anything for guessing it right?"

"You don't. But I do, I hope."

At ten p. m. that night I had a very, very tepid bath.

"Yes, I'm beginning to get your drift," said Marion when I told her about it. "You mean the water wasn't hot, don't you?"

"And why not?" I demanded excitedly. "I warned you at lunch. I told cook myself as well to be on the safe side. And still it wasn't hot. Why not?"

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Marion thoughtfully.

"Funny? Your sense of humor is singularly perverted. I wonder if I could brighten up your evenings with a few custard pies. Tar's pretty good too when you fall into it backwards. Ha, ha!"

"He's being sarcastic," Marion confided to her hairbrush. "You can always tell, because his nose crinkles, and he clucks. Well, I suppose it must be the flues. I always did say that cook never cleans them properly."

"I will clean the flues myself tomorrow," I said grimly.

"You are keen on getting clean all of a sudden," said Marion admiringly. "I wonder if you can be sickening for anything."

I did clean the flues. It is an uninteresting job and also a dirty and a laborious one. I further took the opportunity of telling cook that I wanted a particularly hot bath that night.

I had to go out to a meeting in the evening and did not get home till nearly eleven. At exactly five minutes past that hour I stepped mournfully into the most tepid bath I have ever had.

"M'm!" said Marion thoughtfully a quarter-of-an-hour later. "I was afraid something like this would happen. But I wasn't sure you wanted a bath so late—at least not absolutely sure; and it seemed a pity to waste all that lovely hot water."

"You mean?" I prompted her sternly.

"Oh, yes, I had it myself. Did you have a good meeting, darling?"

The next night I took no chances. At two o'clock in the afternoon I locked the bathroom door; and from that hour I personally stoked the kitchen fire till the flames flowed halfway up the chimney. When cook objected I gave her the rest of the day off. At ten I went triumphantly upstairs to my hot bath. At two minutes past ten the boiler burst. I am still waiting for a hot bath.

A SECOND MR. PICKWICK

IT was either during my next visit to Washington and Willard's at the time of Grant's second inauguration as President, writes Mr. Edward P. Mitchell in Scribner's Magazine, or on some later occasion that while descending a public stairway in the hotel I could not help catching a delicious glimpse through the brightly lighted transom of a room on the floor below of a plump gentleman clad only in his nightgown and his spectacles, vigorously gesticulating and addressing earnest remarks to a full-length cheval glass that had been pulled out into the middle of the apartment for the purpose.

If that moving picture of oratory in the making occurred in 1869, then George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, must have been rehearsing his maiden speech in the House, for he took his seat there on March 4 of that year. Inasmuch, moreover, as this Demosthenes in privacy shared only by his mirror and by me was of venerable appearance and bore a wonderful resemblance to Mr. Pickwick in nightshirt and gold specs, I am inclined to believe that it was Senator Hoar I thus beheld.

A SPECIMEN OF IMPERTINENCE

A PROFESSOR at the University of Cincinnati tells in the Cincinnati Enquirer of a quick-witted instructor of geology in the college that he attended. It seems that the students were asked to take a walk and to pick up various specimens of rock and bring them to the classroom for the instructor to classify.

One smart young man picked up a piece of an old brick and laid it on the table with the other specimens. When the class had assembled the instructor picked up each specimen and told what it was. When he came to the brick he held it up and said, "This is a piece of impertinence," cast it aside and went on with the others.

HOT WATER

MORE than one householder will sympathize with the hero of this conversation, which is reported in Punch:

"Marion," I said at breakfast, "without in any way wishing to carp at your domestic arrangements, why is the bath water never hot in the mornings?"

"Because the fire has been out all night," said Marion curtly. "Next, please."

"Oh! Well, it's very annoying."

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STAMPS TO STICK

FROM seventy-five thousand to eighty thousand varieties of postage stamps have been issued by the governments of the world in the past eighty-five years. Obviously it is not possible for any one collector to acquire all of them, though a collector who had a few million dollars to spend on the hobby might after years of effort succeed in getting one copy each of every stamp that has ever appeared.

From one thousand to fifteen hundred new stamps appear every year. More than ten thousand six hundred varieties—or considerably more than one eighth of all the stamps that have been issued—have been printed during the five-year period that ends with 1924.

The great number of stamps makes it almost absolutely necessary for a collector to specialize.

After the beginner has acquired several thousand varieties he is likely to become discouraged by the difficulty of obtaining many of the more valuable stamps. He has probably reached the point where he has formed a prejudice against the stamps of certain nations and a strong preference for those of other countries.

There are many persons who are both general collectors and specialists. They devote the larger part of their attention to the stamps in which they are especially interested, yet they continue to collect all stamps that come their way, not because they are actively interested in all stamps, but with a view to exchanging the less interesting ones for others in which they prefer to specialize.

There are many kinds of stamp-collecting specialists. Some look with favor on aeroplane or Great War stamps; others concentrate on the issues of their own country. Some desire only the stamps of the British or French or Portuguese colonies; some want charity stamps. There are such minor specialties as United States envelopes or revenue stamps, the stamps of the Southern Confederacy, the United States three cents green of earlier years. Some specialists have given up general collecting altogether and seek only the quaint cancellations that American postmasters used to put on stamps with cork or wood or metal in the days before the Post Office Department required that regulation cancelling machines be used.

Another form of specializing is collecting commemorative stamps—a diversion that is becoming increasingly popular among those who despair of building up a great general collection. It is probable that the increasing popularity of commemoratives has been stimulated by the fact that nations have lately been issuing more of them than formerly.

Consider the commemoratives of 1924. The Universal Postal Union held its eighth congress in Stockholm in the summer, and Sweden, Switzerland, Germany and Salvador issued special stamps. Commemoratives appeared in France and Uruguay to mark the Olympic Games; in Italy to commemorate the treaty between that country and Jugo-Slavia that gave Fiume to Italy. Brazil, Costa Rica, Paraguay and San Marino marked events in their early history by special stamps. Great Britain issued commemoratives in connection with an industrial exhibition, and Russia when a statesman died. Manzoni, Byron, Ronsard, Camoens, famous in the literary or political history of Italy, Greece, France and Portugal, were honored by having their portraits placed on special stamps on commemorative occasions. Belgium issued a series commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the appearance of the first Belgian postage stamp, and Denmark a set commemorating the three-hundredth anniversary of the establishing of the postal system of Denmark. Our own country commemorated the coming of the Huguenot-Walloon adventurers from Europe, three hundred years ago, by a special series of three stamps. In the year 1924 some twenty nations issued more than one hundred and ninety varieties of commemorative stamps.

The large number offers an interesting field for the collector who is considering a specialty. It is particularly a field for informative study of world affairs. From 1919 to 1924 inclusive, six years, approximately six hundred and eighty commemoratives appeared. Many of them are hard to get, and, even though a collector should be fortunate enough to acquire all of them, there are thousands of others that appeared in earlier years.

Probably there is no collection that includes all the commemoratives ever issued. If there were such a collection, it would perhaps be the most valuable one in philatelic history—not in dollars and cents, but in wealth of information that the collector who made it would have acquired in his study of the events that led to the issuing of the stamps.

Consider the United States stamps alone: in 1876 the Philadelphia Centennial envelope

stamps, bearing the date 1776; in 1893 the Columbian series; five years later the Trans-Mississippi set; in 1901 the Pan-American issue; in 1904 that for the Louisiana Purchase; in 1907 that for the founding of Jamestown; in 1909 that for the birth of Lincoln and the Yukon-Pacific and the Hudson-Fulton stamps; and in 1912, 1920 and 1924 the Panama-Pacific, the Pilgrim tercentenary and the Huguenot-Walloon issue. There were also the Victory stamp of 1919 and the Harding memorial issue of 1923.

Here are about eighty varieties, major and minor, through a study of which can be traced much of the history of America from the time when it was discovered down to the present day. Ocean voyages, transcontinental adventure, the expansion of territory, the lure of gold, the growth of commerce, the passing of Presidents, victory in war—those and other events are the significant background of the commemorative stamps of the United States.

So it is with foreign lands. There are very few countries that have not issued special stamps to mark important events in their history.

AN aeroplane stamp of semiofficial character has appeared in Canada. It remains to be seen whether it will be listed in the American standard catalogue. The chances are that it will not be, because it was not really issued by the Canadian postal authorities; but a record of its appearance is of interest to collectors, because letters bearing the stamp are in demand by collectors who specialize in aeroplane stamps. The service that transmits the letters bearing the stamp was established last September and with the permission of the Canadian Post Office Department has been running between Haileybury, Ontario, and Ouyon Township in the Province of Quebec. The company, the Laurentide Air Service, Ltd., receives no payment from the Canadian government, but is authorized to charge twenty-five cents for each piece of mail that it forwards by aeroplane. Each piece, however, must also be prepaid by ordinary Canadian postage stamps.

The special aeroplane stamp was therefore printed and sold by the company. Within a few months after it appeared about forty-five hundred copies had been distributed. The stamp, in red on white paper, and perforated, carries a two-line inscription, "Special Air Delivery," in capital letters above a design that shows an aeroplane flying over a rising sun. The sun bears the word Canada and the date 1924. There is a background of mountains, and under a landscape foreground appears the name of the company. The stamps are placed on the backs of the envelope, where the Haileybury postmark cancels them. Trips are made daily, weather conditions permitting, over the seventy-mile route. The same stamp has appeared also in green, rouletted, and in red, rouletted instead of perforated. The rouletted copies do not carry the word Canada and the date 1924 on the sun in the design. Thus three distinct varieties are available to collectors.

AS stated in The Companion some months ago, the current low values—1, 2, 2½ and 5 cents—of Holland bear designs that the public criticized as being inartistic and ugly. The Netherlands postal authorities have considered the criticism and have announced that the four stamps will be displaced by others in new designs; but, as there are large blocks of the current stamps in stock, they have been converted into postage dues by being surcharged with new denominations.

SWITZERLAND has begun to issue a series in a simple design—a Geneva cross on a shield, with Helvetia inscribed on a scroll at the top and the value in a circle in each lower corner. The first values to appear were 90 centimes, red and deep green on green paper; 1 franc 20 centimes, brown-rose and red on rose paper; 1 franc 50 centimes, blue and red on blue paper; and 2 francs, red and black on gray paper. All are perforated 11½.

IN connection with the International Philatelic Exhibition held at The Hague in September a series of three stamps appeared. They are the current 10, 15 and 35-cent denominations but in new colors.

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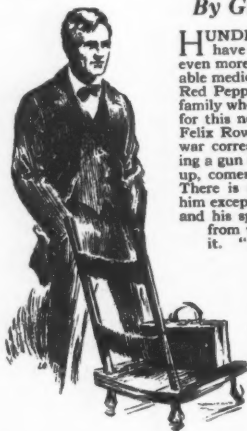


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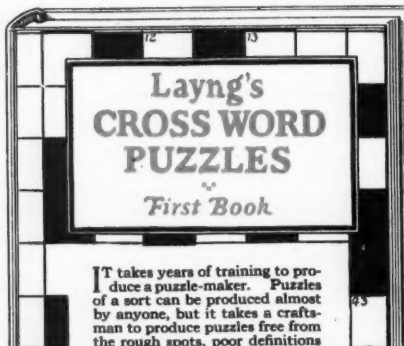
By Grace S. Richmond



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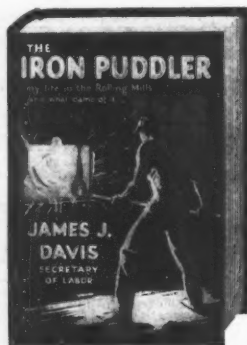
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By James M. Barrie

Photoplay Title "PETER PAN"

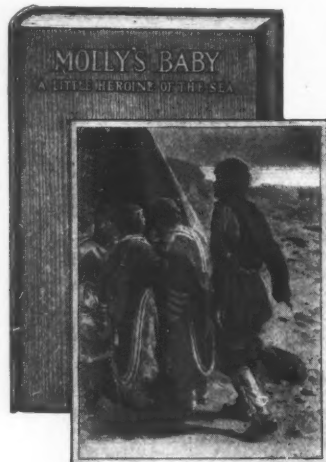


THIS book, written with all the indescribable charm that has endeared J. M. Barrie to so many thousands, tells the story of Wendy and her two brothers, and how they flew to the "Never Never Land" with Tinker Bell the fairy and the boy "who never grew up," and of the adventures that there befell with wolves and red-skins and pirates. In short, it is the narrative of the play "Peter Pan," heightened and embroidered with many new fantasies, and containing ever so much that no play could contain of Barrie's humor and feeling in comment and description. The story carries a good deal farther too than did the play, and ends far more satisfactorily for both Peter and the reader.

MOLLY'S BABY THE SEA-HAWK

By C. A. Stephens

By Rafael Sabatini



MOLLY'S BABY is the fourth volume of the remarkably successful "Old Squire" series. To open it is to drive once more into the hospitable door yard of the Old Home Farm, to have all the family come out to welcome you, and to put up your horse for a good long visit. But it is also more than that. It is an opportunity to meet a new member of the family, the brave, generous and resourceful Molly, and to follow the ins and outs of the plot to rob her of her fortune. It is a chance to hear with her the call of the sea that in Maine reaches even to remote inland farms, and to follow with affection her voyaging on distant seas. And when, with the rest of the family you hear that her little orphaned daughter is in the hands of unknown Esquimo savages somewhere north of Hudson Bay, you will feel like going with Addison on that difficult and apparently almost hopeless search for the child, in the ice-choked waters of the North. The book contains 300 pages with six full page illustrations. Cloth binding.

ELEMENTAL in its record of unrepented loves and hates is the story of how Sir Oliver Tressilian, Cornish gentleman and sometime commander of one of Her Majesty's ships which dispersed the Spanish Armada, became a follower of Mahmud, and a Barbary corsair, winning for himself the title of Sakr-el-Bahr—Hawk of the Sea. He adopts the picturesque Barbary costume and becomes a favorite of the Basha.

Finally on a captured Spanish ship he invades the coast of England and carries away the girl whose love for him has been poisoned by falsehood and whose unforgiving hate had kept him from returning to his home. To save her from the harem of the Basha, he defies his commander, and determines on escape. Undoubtedly, this is one of the most dramatic moments in any of Mr. Sabatini's books, and the story of their subsequent adventures makes a superb and thrilling epic of romance.

"The Sea-Hawk" is a book of fierce bright color and amazing adventure through which stalks one of the truly great and masterful figures of romance.

